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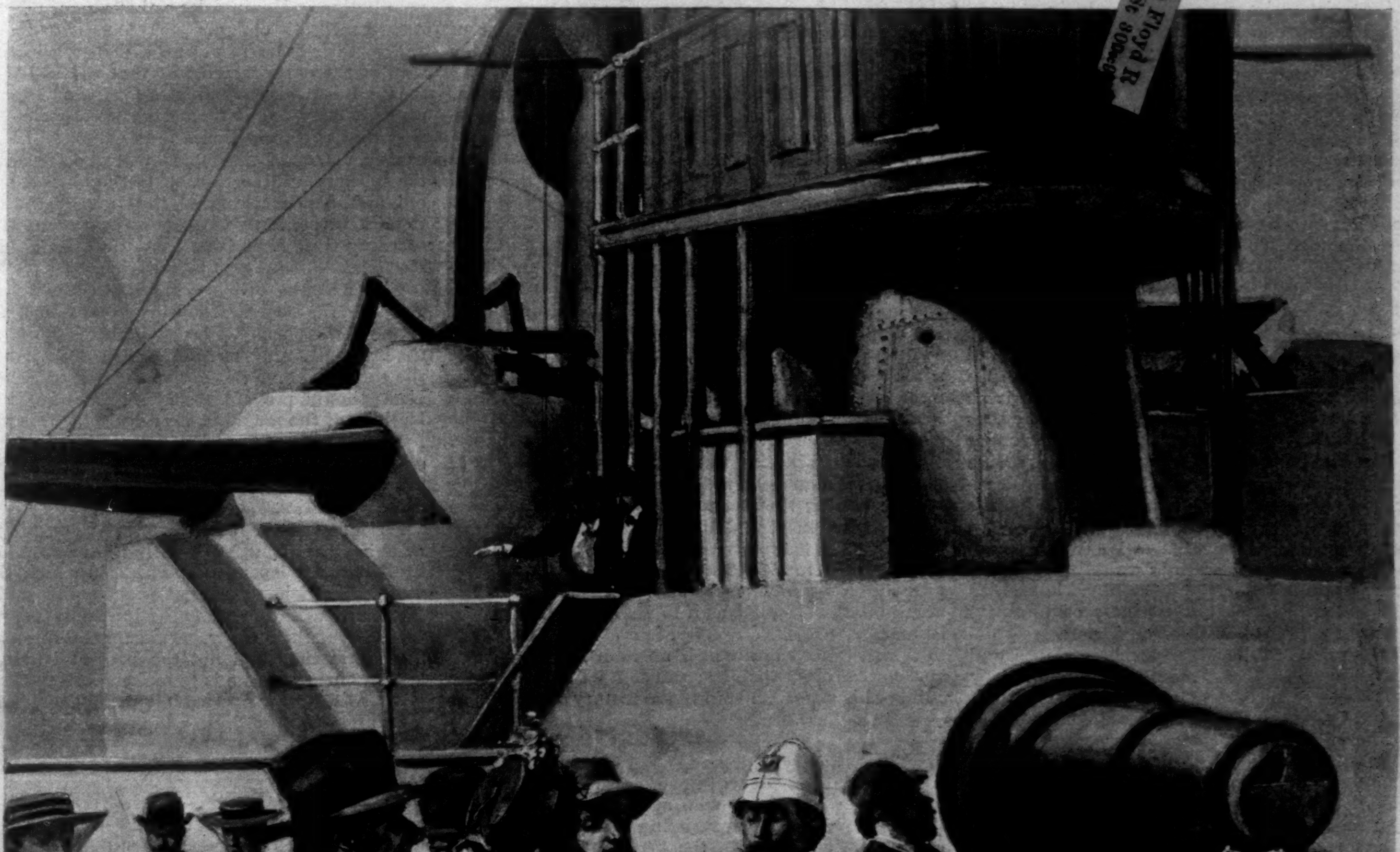

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—ABOARD THE BATTLE-SHIP.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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A LESSON IN POLITICS.

HE was a wise Congressman who, having preached free silver coinage for many years, and then, finding himself face to face with an overwhelming current of public opinion demanding the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase law, resolved to vote for repeal without making a speech, saying that it would be "a heap more difficult to explain a speech to his constituents than to explain a vote." Indeed, some of those who, less wise than he, thought it necessary to prove their consistency in being prudently inconsistent have succeeded only in exhibiting themselves before the public as awful warning examples. This is especially true of Senator VOORHEES, from Indiana, and our own Senator DAVID B. HILL. That a man like Mr. VOORHEES should have become the chairman of the Committee on Finance in the Senate of the United States, and thereby the leader of that august body as to all things financial, seems a strange whim of fate. No man having mastered the merest rudiments of financial science can read the speech delivered by Mr. VORHEES in favor of the repeal of the silver-purchase clause without a sort of melancholy amusement. It proves one thing conclusively, and this is not only that Mr. VOORHEES has not the slightest conception of the first principles of financial science and of the teachings of financial history, but also that a mind so constituted as his is will probably never be able to grasp them. His plan of national finance is so childlike in its ideas of banking and currency, as well as in its flaming rhetoric, that we may wonder how the man capable of putting it forth could arrive at so sound a conclusion as to the necessity of repealing the silver-purchase clause without by the same act substituting for it some other adventurous scheme. For his sound conclusion Mr. VOORHEES is pardoned much; but he certainly would have served his own reputation better had he confined himself to a simple statement that the business community, giving voice to the public interest, imperatively demanded the repeal of the silver-purchase clause, and that in obedience to that demand all contradictory financial theories had to get out of the way.

The case of Senator HILL is different. As a financier he is, indeed, not superior to Mr. VOORHEES. It is even doubtful whether the financial wisdom which from time to time he pours forth in floods of darkness belongs to himself or to somebody else. But he has a controlling motive in his political life, which is to take revenge upon the American people in general, and the present administration in particular, for the wrong done him by making not DAVID B. HILL but GROVER CLEVELAND President of the United States. His ruling impulse is, therefore, to make himself as disagreeable as possible to the administration, and to oppose every measure it wishes to carry through, no matter how the public welfare may be affected. This feeling prompted him to strike an alliance with Senator PEFFER, the Populist, in their recent attempt to show that the administration was not doing its duty with regard to the national banks, and to break down the national banks incidentally. The universal cry of indignation called forth by this attempt may have convinced Senator HILL that he had been on the point of drawing general execration upon himself, and that he could not afford to oppose the policy of the administration concerning the unconditional repeal of the silver-purchase clause. But he yielded to the imperative demand of public opinion with such demonstrative ill grace as to turn his very support of the policy of the administration into an almost undisguised attack. He exhibited himself as the very embodiment of impotent malignity. Senator HILL, too, would have done infinitely better for himself had he voted for the repeal bill without a word of explanation, for the favor his speech may have gained him among the "cheap-money" men is certainly overbalanced by the aversion it excited among his own constituents.

But there are a good many men of a more decent stamp in Congress whose embarrassment under present circumstances is owing only to their own weakness and want of courage. It is a matter of experience that the rapid spread of financial heresies among our people is always in great part caused by the facility with which those who should be the leaders of opinion among their neighbors, and who might as such exercise a very powerful and healthy influence, permit themselves to be swept along by any movement appealing to selfish interests. By amiable yielding to what they may consider at the time harmless popular notions the politician thinks he can make friends and avoid unpleasant controversy. The consequences sometimes come home to him in a most troublesome fashion. The cry for the payment of the national bonds in depreciated greenbacks shortly after the close of the civil war, the paper-money inflation craze a few years later, and the silver craze in our days would never have grown so formidable had not politicians who knew better, and even statesmen of high standing, instead of presenting a resolute front against such heresies, feebly acquiesced in them or sought popularity by openly countenancing them, contrary to their own convictions. There was in his time no public man more influential with the people of his State than Senator MORTON, from Indiana, a man of remarkable ability. When the cry for more irredeemable paper money arose, he yielded to it. Carried on by the current, he became a pronounced advocate of inflation. He thought he made a very strong point in the debate of the Senate on this question when he said: "Senators say that the plain people do not understand this thing. But they think they do, and they want more paper money." The truth is that there would have been but very few of his people to think so had Senator MORTON at the beginning of the movement used his great power in stemming the current instead of swelling and accelerating it. He lived to see the day when, to his great mortification, his people had to be told that they did not "understand this thing," and that for the good of the country and their own they had to accept a policy directly opposite to that which their great leader had been advocating.

But one of the most striking if not pathetic examples of the dangers apt to be brought on by an easily yielding disposition is furnished by Senator SHERMAN. There is no man in active political life surpassing him as an authority on financial questions. That he is a devoted patriot, and has the honor of the country too sincerely at heart to favor anything like a repudiation of the nation's debts, no fair-minded man will doubt. He has rendered the country excellent service as a Secretary of the Treasury and as the leading member of the Senate Committee on Finance. Yet his disinclination to resist apparent currents of popular opinion betrayed him many years ago into countenancing the movement for paying off the national bonds in greenbacks, and the same infirmity caused him in 1890 to compromise with the free-silver-coinage men in Congress upon that famous silver-purchase law which has recently done the country so much mischief. And, as if to visit upon him a punishment of exquisite cruelty, fate fastened his name to the ill-starred law which no man has been more anxious to repeal than he; and so it will stand as the child of his statesmanship in the history of our times.

The most important teaching of our recent struggles is that all those who yielded their better impulses to a heresy which appeared to be supported by a popular movement will never cease to deplore their weakness, while those who apparently risked their political lives in firmly resisting it throughout came out of the contest with the pride of true manhood and the laurel of victory. Had the weaker brethren acted like them, the country might have been spared its bitter trials. We have learned once more that the people are neither fools nor knaves, that they will act wisely and justly if the light is properly held up before them, and that he is not only the best patriot, but also the shrewdest politician, who always appeals to the good sense of the popular mind and to the honest impulses of the popular heart.

THE DUTY OF THE ANTI-SNAPPERS.

THE Democratic bosses have determined the date and place for their State Convention. The men who have fixed upon these preliminaries are Senators HILL and MURPHY, Mr. CROKER, and Lieutenant-Governor SHEEHAN. These men, who have brought just odium upon the Democratic party, are still at the head of its councils. The men who, under the lead of ex-Secretary FAIRCHILD, vanquished the machine in the Syracuse movement, have apparently determined to make no contest within the party against the bosses.

No good citizen wishes to see either of the great political parties under the command and subject to the power of corruptionists. Whether we are Democrats or Republicans, we are interested in seeing both our own and our opponents' parties under pure leadership. Therefore the continuance of this quartet of bad men at the head of the Democratic organization is a general scandal, and all good citizens of both parties ought to do their utmost to purge the Empire State of its disgraceful bondage to a gang of political bandits.

There is no doubt as to what the people will do. The present Democratic bosses have lost the State. So long as they remain at the head of the organization, whose voters they doubtless misrepresent, they will simply assist the Republicans to return to power. The State has had enough and more than enough of them. The voters of New York are against Tammany, against State stealing, against debauched Legislatures, against tainted judges, against HILL and MURPHY and CROKER and SHEEHAN. Judge MAYNARD cannot be elected unless the Republican boss nominates a worse man as his opponent.

There is, however, a duty due to the State that ought to be performed before the people are called upon to decide the issue at the ballot-box. The nominations of MAYNARD, DANFORTH, RICE, and of all Democrats who are connected with the crime of stealing the State, or who are closely allied with the present disreputable leaders of the party, should be prevented if possible. The warfare against these people should begin in their own convention.

This is a duty which is owing to the State by Mr. FAIRCHILD and the men who followed him to Syracuse. As good citizens they ought to exert their power as Democrats for the preservation of the State from such candidates as the bosses will nominate. They proved their power in their party in 1892 by securing the protest of 250,000 Democratic voters against the snap convention that presented HILL to the country as New York's choice for the Democratic nomination. Having done that much, they cannot rest in self-satisfaction. They owe it to themselves and to their State to put an end to the base leadership of the party which last year carried New York for the Democratic candidates for President and Governor. They ought themselves to assume a leadership that is clearly theirs if the wishes of the Democratic voters of the State are to be consulted. If the trickery and corruption of the bosses shut them out of the primaries, and thus out of the conventions, it is their duty to organize new committees and to carry their opposition into the open field of the election.

Either at the primary and the convention, or at the polls, the Democrats who represent the better purposes of their party, who struggled for and secured the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND, notwithstanding the solid machine delegation that stood behind Mr. HILL, should prevent the consummation of the intentions of the machine, prevent it for this year and for all time to come. The people can beat the machine's candidates; but the anti-snappers can smash the machine itself, and leave its managers without a place in politics.

So long as the HILL-MURPHY-CROKER-SHEEHAN machine lasts, New York will afford splendid opportunities for independent politics, in which the anti-snappers will have a great part to play within the Democratic lines. They undoubtedly represent a majority of their party. It is for the interest of the State that they and not the present bosses should lead. Their problem is to make the desires and purposes of the majority behind them effective. Will they undertake the labors and the sacrifice?

MR. CURTIS AND ASHFIELD.

THAT was a noble and significant tribute that was paid to the memory of Mr. CURTIS on August 24th in the little hill town of Ashfield, Massachusetts, where for so many years he had made his summer home. It was the day on which it has been customary to have a dinner and addresses in the interest of the Sanderson Academy, and this year the occasion fell within a week of the anniversary of Mr. CURTIS's death. The dinner was presided over by Professor CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, and among the speakers were Mr. FLOWER and the Rev. C. B. F. PEASE of Ashfield, President HALL of Worcester, and the Hon. WAYNE MACVEAGH.

Mr. NORTON spoke from the fulness of personal love and knowledge, the fruit of a friendship of forty years—a friendship which, in its depth, steadfastness, and purity, was of the rarest value, and we may be permitted to add, in the light of the testimony to Mr. CURTIS's character that has been given since his death, of great honor, to both. "He had," said Mr. NORTON, "a social nature, a public spirit. He had no selfish end. The good of the community was the good for which he cared. The public interest was for him his own interest, and he sought it with an uprightness of purpose, a clearness of vision, a devotion of great gifts, and a steadiness of labor which knew neither weariness nor impatience nor intermission."

This is a very strong statement. We believe that it is literally true. There remains in the public mind, and even in the minds of those who knew him, so vivid an impression of Mr. CURTIS's grace, his gentleness, his wit, and charm, that the other, the sterner qualities of his nature are to some extent obscured. But to those who knew him intimately he was known to be as steadfast, laborious, and patient, as firm in the pursuit of his object, as unmoved and immovable by either difficulty or distraction or lassitude, as the severest and least companionable of men. And these two differing phases of his nature were wholly reconciled by the simple sincerity of both.

Mr. MACVEAGH spoke of Mr. CURTIS, as was just, in a tone of triumphant recognition of the great and lasting success of his life. Referring to Mr. CURTIS's splendid labors in the cause of civil service reform, he said: "In these years such devotion to the noble standard of civic duty could not fail to win him the admiration and affection of great numbers of his fellow-countrymen and fellow-countrywomen. If that is not success, I do not know what is. If his has not been a successful and triumphant life under the conditions of America to-day, what could be successful and triumphant?" The question answers itself.

WEST POINT DISCIPLINE.

The other day at Chicago three of the West Point cadets disobeyed orders. One of them was the captain of the first class, and he would have remained captain until the end of his course if he had not offended. He and his two comrades left the camp without permission. Their punishment was very severe. They were put under arrest and were confined in the guard-tent. As to the captain, the commandant of cadets reduced him to the ranks. He will graduate as a private instead of an officer, and he is lucky in being able to graduate at all.

The lesson is severe, but it is wholesome, and the intelligent people of the country will applaud the stern maintenance of discipline. These young men are to be the future officers of our army, and if they do not understand and practise obedience themselves, how can they exact it from the soldiers under their command? The young men who were guilty of this breach of discipline will doubtless find plenty of apologists, their youth and their unaccustomed surroundings being the principal ones; but no boy is so young as not to know the difference between what is honorable and what is dishonorable, and the boy who has the right kind of stuff in him will always make the right choice when the moral alternative is presented to him.

The discipline that is maintained at West Point is thorough. It may seem to soft-hearted people to be hard on the youngsters, but those who think this are the injudicious spoilers of children, and the country does not want at the head of its armies the self-indulgent men who were spoiled in their childhood. The youth of those who are destined for a military career must not be filled with pleasure-seeking. It must be self-restrained and sincere. The training may be open to the objection that it is narrowing, but so is the military career narrowing as compared with other careers. Fighting men are not often the flower of our civilization, although they may be. Any occupation like that of an American army officer, in which merit is not essential to promotion, is narrowing to the average man. It requires great ambition to induce an officer to surmount his comfortable obstacles. But there are compensating advantages, and the young men who are educated at West Point under the rigid discipline of which we have had an example at Chicago are likely to be gentlemen—truth-loving, frank, open-minded, and dutiful.

The military and naval academies at West Point and Annapolis are among the few public institutions where the government work is carried on intelligently and conscientiously. Evidently the standard of discipline at least is maintained at West Point. The three young men who suffered for their outing were dealt with wisely, and not only they but their fellows and successors will be the better soldiers for their punishment.

REFORM MOVEMENTS OUT WEST.

The report of the Health Department of Denver for 1892 announced the death rate for that year to be 13.70. It was 22.6 in 1890. Typhoid fever, once the terror of that community, is credited with only 64 deaths, as against 99 in 1891 and 263 in 1890. There is a moral behind this excellent showing, and to point it out we are carried far away from sanitary statistics into a study of municipal experiments out West.

The Western cities have nearly all experimented more or less with reforms in governmental methods, and in the main the results have been good. A favorite resource in those cities has been to correct mismanagement by removing the heads of important bureaus beyond local political influence through appointments by the Governor or the courts. In Chicago the people point with most pride to the work of the park boards, which are practically branches of the State government rather than of that of the city, since some of the commissioners are appointed by the Governor, and others by the judges of the Circuit Court. There are three sets of these commissioners, but all are regarded alike, and each has its own separate territory to look after. With millions to spend, extensive and elaborate parks and boulevards to develop and maintain, and with a small army of employés under them, the business men on these commissions have so performed their work that the people are very proud of it. Politics have not governed the making of appointments by them, or been considered an excuse for turning out faithful men or for creating unnecessary places. Not a hint of wrong-doing has marred the performance of their duties by these commissioners.

In our Western cities the parks are always especially favored by public interest and pride, and in Omaha also the political spoilsmen have lost the Park Board and its "patronage." There the commissioners are the appointees of the District Court. Omaha is constructing three new parks, with a system of parkways to connect all her pleasure-grounds. This great work is projected upon a plan commensurate with the size and importance of the city. The character of the men who compose the Park Board is what we find it in similar bodies elsewhere. Politicians have given way to professional and business men of good and sometimes high repute in all the boards thus appointed in the leading cities.

In Denver, as was recently pointed out in these columns, the fire and police forces have been put under the control of one commission, whose members the Governor appoints, and the department of public works of Denver is also headed by men appointed in the same way. This was brought about by a community which changed its politics when it was aroused against the misrule of a political ring. Because of the same evils in a lesser degree, Omaha reformed her government in 1889. The fire and police departments were put under one board, which also holds the licensing power over the liquor traffic. In both cities the fire and police commissioners are empowered to appoint all their subordinates, from the fire chief to the hostlers, and from the superintendent of police to the station-house doormen.

This plan of forming municipal bureaus by appointments that are to a great extent removed from the control of the people is contrary to the theory that those who are governed should be solely responsible for their government. It sets at naught the principle of home-rule for cities. It is resorted to in order to thwart the aims and bargains of local political cliques which demand of their beneficiaries allegiance to the "machine" first and to the people last. The plan worked well in Denver so long as a good Governor was in office; but since the Populists elected Governor Waite he has succeeded in demoralizing thoroughly the departments which had hitherto been efficient. The great defects of the plan are, first, that it is only good when you can be sure of a good Governor; and second, that under it the Mayor of the city is not the real executive head, and is not responsible for the good government of the municipality of which he is the titular chief. Those who hold that the people should be aroused and educated to make self-government successful will point to the wonderful improvement in the vital statistics of Denver to prove that their plan is practicable. In that city, where, as we have seen, the voters have thrown part of their responsibility upon the Governor of Colorado, the most remarkable reform has not been due to this course, but has been brought about by themselves through their Health Department. Under an earnest Mayor, whom the people elected, this department first interested the leading physicians. Many of them constituted themselves an advisory committee, and one gifted and forceful man—a retired practitioner—served until his death, without pay, as the Health Commissioner. With the aid of several earnest and talented lieutenants, he worked for the health of Denver that revolution to which the statistics bear witness. Perhaps no gain to any Western city that has attempted reforms is as important as this improvement of the health of a great community, and it is as great a gain to the cause of enlightened self-government.

THE CAKES AND ALE PROBLEM.

"Toil, young men, toil!" cries M. Zola. "Work is the one great law of the world which leads organized matter slowly but steadily to its unknown goal."

Not the only law, gifted contemporary. Putrefaction may lead organic matter to a sort of goal, but not a nice one, to be sure. It is worth while always to make sure that our work is work, and not some lively putrefying process that merely looks like it.

But if work is the one great law, with the alternative of some form of rot, where do the cakes and ale come in? There must be cakes and ale. Even a Zola will admit that. They form a useful element, supplementary to the more essential processes; the important question in regard to them being whether they are to supplement work or the process of rot. The student of the problem of life has to determine not merely whether with him it is to be all work or all cakes and ale, but the more complicated question whether it is to be work for the sake of the cakes and ale, or cakes and ale for the sake of the work. To choose pleasure outright as the end of existence is clearly enough to prefer the putrefactive process to that of laborious development. To choose work for the sake of the cakes and ale is certainly better, as to toil in a tread-mill is better than to stand still. One does not rot in a tread-mill, even if one's progress is unsatisfactory. But the people who get on seem to be those whose heart's first choice is work, to be supplemented incidentally by such tributary fun as happens along.

The man who thought that life would be endurable if it were not for its pleasures, must have arrived at that sentiment after long and painful efforts to hit upon a kind of work that would least interfere with a large experience of unrelated amusements. That is a sort of effort that has been constantly going on ever since the mass of mankind recognized its obligation to earn its bread by the sweat of its brow. It is not too much to say that what the average man regards as the most delectable arrangement is the one that combines the maximum of beer and skittles with the minimum of grind. It is a pity that the average man should be so persistent in this sort of predilection. It is as though when he sat down to his dinner and read the bill of fare he should aim to order the least possible amount of beef that would make a decent prelude to a grotesque indulgence in pie. Pie in its place is a good thing. It tastes pleasant enough in his mouth, and may help to fatten him a little; but it doesn't make him strong as beef would. The man who is willing to eat a little beef if it is on the dinner-card, but who has got to have pie at any rate, is just about on a par with the man who does not refuse to work if it is inevitable, but who cannot endure with any sort of complacency even a moderate amount of labor unless there is a raft of diversion thrown in. If the pie-eater really enjoyed his dinner more than the boarder whose mainstay is beef and potatoes there would be something to say for his choice. But he doesn't. The man who eats beef likes pie; but the man whose mainstay is pie finds beef an oppressive diet, troublesome to take and more troublesome to digest; so that finally he foregoes beef altogether, sticks exclusively to pie, and winds up as a dyspeptic invalid, who is lucky if he is not too enfeebled to earn any dinner at all.

Young man, stick to beef. If pie comes your way, well and good; but don't get out of breath running after it. Even in these hard times it is a simple matter to find honest work for you if you can find substantial happiness in that; but if it must be arranged that any work that you may do must be abundantly offset by elaborate pleasures, it becomes a troublesome problem whereabouts in the work-a-day world you are to find your place. How vast an advantage over his fellow has the man who does not require to be expensively amused! It is not requisite that he should ding perpetually at his task. It is easy, and a common experience, for too persistent application to defeat its own end. All work and no play has its traditional disadvantage and is not to be desired. What is desirable is the sentiment of satisfaction in due labor opportunely performed—the sentiment that to toil progressively, according to one's strength and ability, is felicity in itself, and not a mere purgatorial condition precedent to idle pleasures.

UNIFORMS AND HEARTS.

The peculiar influence of the masculine uniform upon the feminine heart is best studied at this season of the year. Not that this influence seems to be any greater in summer than in winter, but that individual instances of the occurrence of the phenomenon are rather more numerous, and are also usually more public, and therefore more easily observed by the student. It is now generally held by those who have studied the subject the closest that the devastation wrought by the military and naval uniform on the female heart reaches its maximum some time in the latter part of August.

It is curious the amount of ignorance which prevails upon this subject in many quarters. We do not mean ignorance as to the causes of the phenomenon, for they lie deep and are but imperfectly understood even by men who have devoted close attention to the question, but ignorance in regard to its effects, and of the facts in connection with its appearance. Indeed, we presume that it is only the man trained to close scientific observation, and the one who has met and been vanquished by the uniform, who do fully realize the enormous influence which the uniform has on the heart of the sex. Statistics show that, given two men in a struggle for the heart and hand of a marriageable woman, one of them wearing the uniform of an officer of the army or navy and the other the ordinary clothes seen in good society, the plain citizen has but one chance in ten of winning. (See Reports of the Massachusetts Anthropological Soc., vix., 327. 1891.)

Nor do we find the havoc wrought by the uniform confined to any one class of society. It is estimated, from what appears to be trustworthy data, that in a struggle of a truck-driver and a policeman for the favor of a nurse-maid, let us say, the driver has but one chance in seven to win. If a street-car conductor is substituted for the truck-driver we find his chances raised to one in four; but the car-conductor usually wears a sort of a quasi-uniform, which no doubt accounts for the increase in his chances. Nor is it confined to any particular region, for, to change the locality and the examples as well, we find that the cowboy stands but one chance in three when brought into contest with the private soldier for the affections of a ranchman's daughter. (Prof. Snifter, in Paper read before the Denver Soc. for Scientific Research. 1893.)

Naturally the observation of so striking a scientific fact as this has called out many attempts at its solution. The most common of these is that it is not the uniform, *per se*, which affects the female heart so powerfully, but the occupation which it stands for, it being maintained by those holding this view that the said occupation is always one of danger, and that danger appeals to the softer sex. At first sight there seems to be much in this explanation, but its weak points are so many that it finally falls to the ground. In the first place, the danger suffered by, let us say, the navy in time of peace is slight. True, the discharge of champagne corks is often formidable, but the damage resulting to the service from them amounts to but little. The profession of the civil engineer, for example, may often entail more danger than the holding of a commission in the army. The dash and *éclat* supposed to go with a uniform are also pointed out as augmenting the heart-enthralling powers of the wearer. But the chief stock in trade of the cowboy is *éclat*, while the private soldier hath no *éclat* at all. The truck-driver has more dash than the street-car conductor, still his chances, as we have seen, are smaller. The true solution must be sought elsewhere.

We are of opinion, and we desire to place our views squarely before the scientific world, that the real reason for the difference lies in the uniform itself, and not in the occupation of the wearer. A uniform, we believe, strikes a responsive chord in the female heart, and for a natural reason, and one capable of demonstration. It is a fact known to everybody that it is in the human species alone that the male is found wearing the soberer dress. Everywhere in the animal kingdom we find the male to be the one which is gorgeously arrayed, if either be so. We may instance the brilliant peacock as contrasted with the subdued peahen; the superb lion with the plain lioness; the flashing fire-fly with the feeble glowworm. It is only in the human species that we find matters reversed, and the male going about in a sober and even unnoticeable and unattractive, if not actually repulsive, dress. This is a wholly artificial state of things. Man, the civilian, has foolishly reversed the wise order of nature, and deliberately done all he can to render himself unattractive. What wonder, then, that when a normal man—a gaudy naval officer, for instance—appears, that the ordinary business or professional man stands no sort of show? It is like a peacock which has lost his tail and slept in the ash-barrel trying to compete with a full-fledged rival for the good graces of the demure but æsthetic hen. What chance would a bald lion have? or a dark fire-fly?

We cannot see where civilian man can turn for sympathy. He has brought this thing upon himself. He has no one to blame but himself. He ought to have known how it would be, and if he did not he certainly ought to have seen long ago. Instead of listening to absurd explanations from lumbering scientists, he ought to have risen up and put on a uniform like a field-marshal. There is no reason why the lawyer or doctor or business man cannot be as gorgeous as an admiral of the fleet. Even a clergyman might dress like a lieutenant-general if he chose, though the innovation would be considerable. But, innovation or not, this is the only way that the civilian has to put himself on an equal footing in matters touching the affairs of the heart with the magnificent and resplendent members of the army and navy.

A NOTE ON STAINED GLASS.

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

STAINED glass shares to some extent the power of mural decoration, a form of art to which it is, indeed, closely related. It lifts an artist into a sphere of larger outlines and more imposing effects than he can produce, as a rule, on the level of easel painting. This fact is, I think, the most important to be observed in connection with the art of the worker in glass. The test to be applied to a polychromatic window would seem to be primarily a test of color; yet the faculty which will make a window a work of art where the absence of it would leave the production a mere article of manufacture is the faculty of design. That faculty, moreover, must be trained along certain special lines. It is not sufficient, though it is peculiarly essential, that the artist have a pictorial instinct. It is necessary that his decorative and especially his architectural faculties be also highly developed. Mr. Lafarge illustrated this proposition very pointedly not long ago in the extraordinarily beautiful windows he designed for the Church of the Ascension in New York. He made them compositions which satisfied every canon of the picture-painter's art, and at the same time he exercised such tact in the massing of his backgrounds and the disposition of his figures that there is no violence experienced in the transition from window to wall.

An artistic window is not an independent unit framed harmoniously, or otherwise, in masonry or wood-work, like an enlarged picture on canvas. It is an integral part of the wall which it pierces. Not always is this apprehended. I have seen among recent windows designs to which allegorical titles had been given, but which were nothing more nor less than portraits of fair women daintily surrounded by floral decorations. This is pretty, but it is not art. In view of the tendency toward the employment of motives of this sort, the appearance of a window which fulfils the requirements of a sound work of art is always, in its way, an event to be recorded. Such a window—the "Thompson Memorial," reproduced on this page of the WEEKLY—is now being placed in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church in Troy, New York. It is the adaptation in glass of a painting of the Annunciation, by a German artist named Deger. Of its color the briefest description gives a rather attractive translation. A dark bluish-green, picked out with gold, predominates in the base and canopies. The Virgin wears a robe of rich blue with facings of rose, and the thick hair falling on her shoulders adds an auburn note to the effect. The angel is in pale green and white, and both figures are visible against a background suffused with luminous golden light. Add to this that the glass used is opalescent material, touched with pigments only where flesh appears, that it is accordingly transparent, and you have an inkling of what the window is like, regarded as a mass of tone.

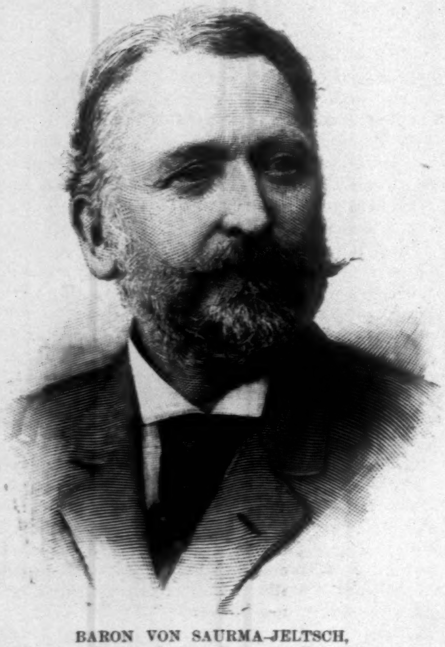
The color means much. But what I would especially point out is the architecturally decorative character of the design. In the original painting the figures are placed before a curtain. In the window the artist has ingeniously substituted for the drapery one of those graceful arcades which you will find in representations of the Annunciation by Fra Angelico and other Italian painters. This expedient, by permitting the introduction of landscape, increases the depth of the perspective. The arches also serve as another link binding together the window and the wall. From the stand-point of the rigid stylist, an objection might be offered to the combination of the round Renaissance arches with the Gothic canopies above them. This objection, however, is really unimportant. In the general effect the grouping of the architectural contours leaves an agreeable impression. And the figures, I think, are admirably placed. They are treated pictorially, and with feeling for their relation in an architectural scheme. In the preparation of the window that scheme has been kept constantly in view. The interior decoration of St. Paul's is Gothic in character, and this stately window, measuring twenty-five feet from base to apex, screens an aperture with an effect intended to be not alone decorative, but logical. In seeking for an effect of this kind the designers were emulating the great window-painters of the fifteenth century. The latter have to-day none too many followers. It is good to know that of the few there are some who are Americans.

There is a kind of stained-glass window which makes less demand upon an artist's resources than does a window like that in Troy, and yet in a way presents a more difficult problem. Deprived of the human figure as a theme, he is relieved of the very delicate task of accommodating that figure to an arbitrary enclosure. Thrown back upon purely conventional elements of design, his invention is taxed to the utmost to make his window interesting.

It is of this secondary kind of window that two specimens are given on this page with the Troy couplet. That consisting of three openings is to be placed, as a memorial to some members of the Norris family, in the Church of the Mediator, in Philadelphia. The single light with the cross in the centre is in memory of the Rev. Z. M. Humphrey, D.D., and goes to the First Presbyterian Church in Chicago. Though neither of these two windows has the impressiveness of the design accompanying them, they are no less successful as decorations. In them conventional ornamentation has been utilized gracefully, with sensitiveness to proportions, and, above all, with good taste. I would not state originality as one of their strong points, but they are not feeble in design, and the large Humphrey window especially is distinctly removed from the commonplace. Both have the merit of filling given spaces formally, and yet with the charm of line which makes a purely formal design animated, something more than a mechanical diagram.

All these windows are extremely brilliant in color. The Humphrey window, formed of something like ten thousand pieces of glass, glows like a jewelled shield. As has already been remarked, no paint is used except when the presence of flesh-tints renders it necessary. Even the light and shade in a design is obtained by the use of fragments which in shape and thickness adapt themselves to the purpose of the artist. You get, therefore, in work of this description, the elemental radiance of the glass as it comes from the fire. It comes with a wealth of emerald, ruby, amethyst, turquoise, beryl, and tawny amber hues, and it gives a result which it is no exaggeration to call splendid.

The windows referred to in the course of these remarks were made by the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company in New York city.



BARON VON SAURMA-JELTSCH,
The first German Ambassador to the United States.

THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

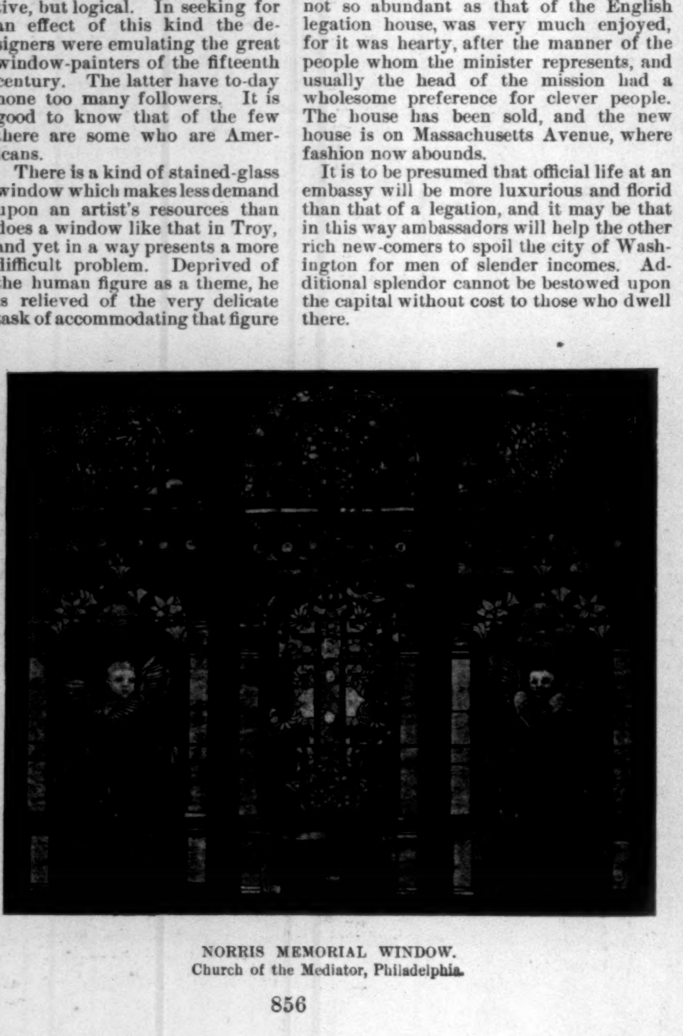
LAST June Baron Anton Saurma-Jeltsch was appointed by Germany to be Ambassador to the United States at Washington, in place of Mr. Theodore von Holleben, who held the rank of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary. This change was due to a corresponding increase of rank, or, more properly speaking, of designation, in certain diplomatic representatives of the United States. There is a great difference between the two ranks in foreign courts, and to enable American diplomats to assume certain privileges and take precedence over representatives of smaller states the change was made. The new Ambassador arrived in New York on August 23d, accompanied by his daughter, and after staying a few days in the city, proceeded to Washington.

Baron Saurma-Jeltsch has been connected with the diplomatic service for a number of years, and his reputation in diplomatic circles is very high. He was born March 27, 1836, and is a man of much stature and dignity. In June, 1872, he married the Duchess Margaret von Hatzfelds. For eight years he was German Consul-General at Alexandria, and during his time there the well-known rebellion of Arabi Pasha against the Khedive took place. He earned high praise for the excellent manner in which he handled questions of German interest which were aroused at the time, and later was promoted to be Ambassador at the court of King Charles of Roumania. He afterwards went to The Hague, and at the time of his transfer to the United States was Ambassador to the court of Würtemberg, at Stuttgart.

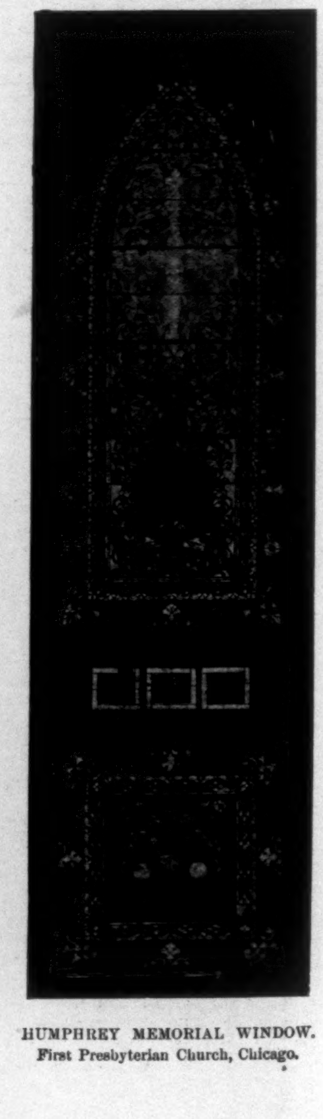
The German legation at Washington has been for years one of the most respected of the foreign legations. Until within a year or two the minister has occupied a big square brick house on Fifteenth Street opposite Welcker's restaurant. And whether the minister was Alvensleben or Eisendecher or some one else, the hospitality of the house, which is owned by the German imperial government, while it was quiet and not so abundant as that of the English legation house, was very much enjoyed, for it was hearty, after the manner of the people whom the minister represents, and usually the head of the mission had a wholesome preference for clever people. The house has been sold, and the new house is on Massachusetts Avenue, where fashion now abounds.

It is to be presumed that official life at an embassy will be more luxurious and florid than that of a legation, and it may be that in this way ambassadors will help the other rich new-comers to spoil the city of Washington for men of slender incomes. Additional splendor cannot be bestowed upon the capital without cost to those who dwell there.

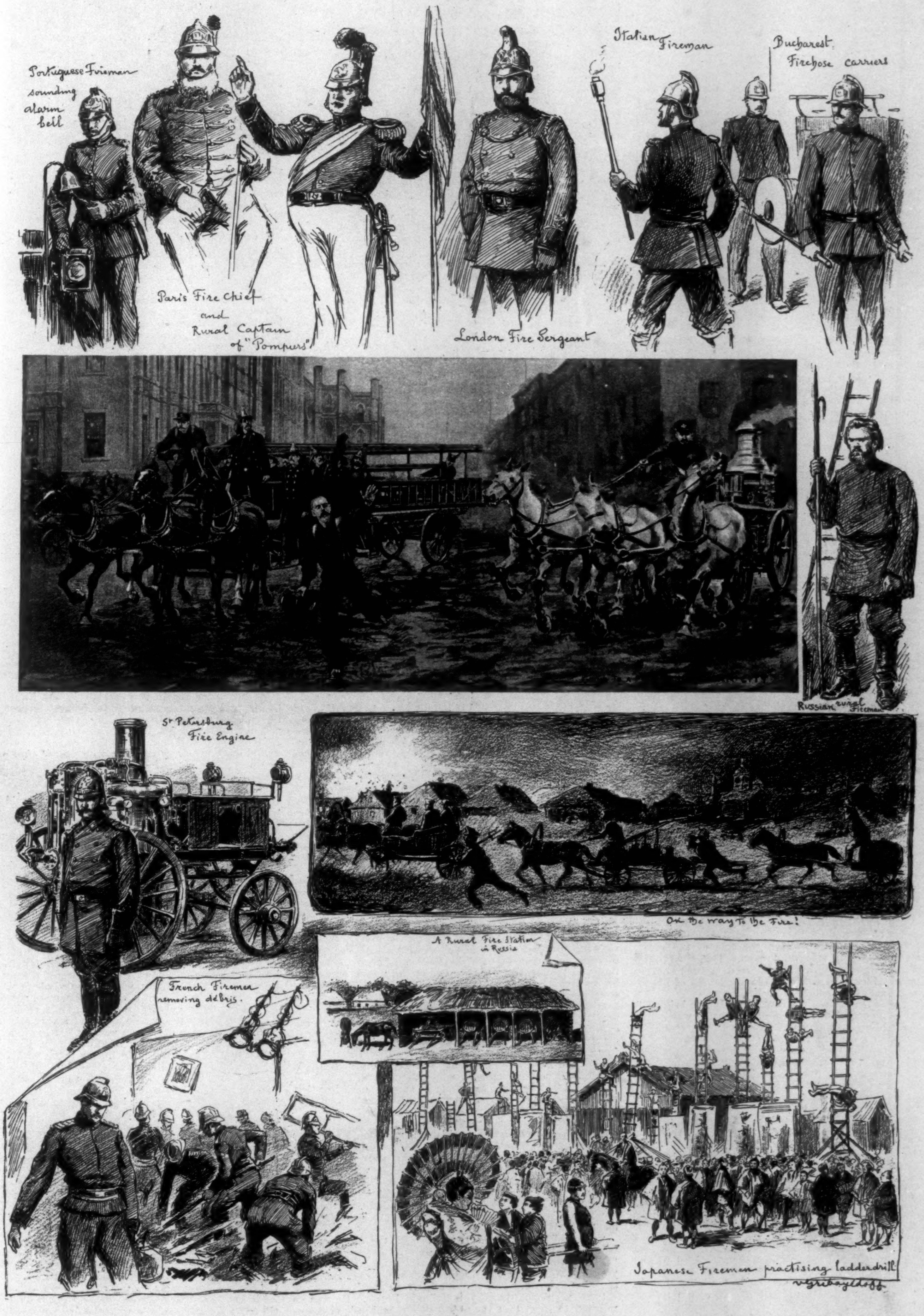
THOMPSON MEMORIAL WINDOW.
St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church, Troy.



NORRIS MEMORIAL WINDOW.
Church of the Mediator, Philadelphia.



HUMPHREY MEMORIAL WINDOW.
First Presbyterian Church, Chicago.


Portuguese Fireman sounding alarm bell
Paris Fire Chief and Rural Captain of "Pompers"
London Fire Sergeant
Italian Fireman
Bucharest Firehose carriers
Russian rural Fireman
St Petersburg Fire Engine
On the way to the Fire!
A Rural Fire Station in Russia
French Firemen removing debris
Japanese Firemen practising ladderdrill
V. Gribayedoff

FIREMEN OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES.—[See Page 872.]

A PERSONAL PARAGRAPH.

BY CHARLES MINER THOMPSON.

When you accuse women of scheming, they are always indignant. Yet if you look along the path by which they have arrived at their triumphs, you perceive that an engineer could not have made a straighter. You then rashly declare that their indignation is hypocritical. You are wrong. Before "going 'cross lots" man, indeed, pauses to demonstrate that any side of a triangle is less than the sum of the other two. This proposition woman wots not of. She goes 'cross lots by instinct, and reaches her destination the sooner for not stopping to reason. In a like manner her strategy is the result of unconscious perception, not of conscious logic. When, therefore, she is accused of laying traps for the unwary, she is justly offended, since consciously she has not laid them. She sincerely believes that the desired results have been caused by convenient chances. Now these generalities are suggested by the story of Amy, the ignored.

The one upon whom Amy exercised her unconscious strategy was Mr. Frank Dexter. He was a straight-nosed, eager fellow, whose eyes were gray and alert. He was a person of changing avocations. Whenever he grew enthusiastic over any subject, it occupied for the moment his whole horizon. Generally his sudden passions for this or that—for a hero in history, for the customs of a past century, for an obscure poet or a dead one—were mortal passions, had their day and died. But when finally a passing interest in the art of the short story was fortified by the discovery that some success rewarded his endeavor to practise what the masters taught, his enthusiasm seemed to put on immortality. He talked short stories; he thought short stories; he read short stories; he wrote short stories. More, except eat and sleep, he did not do. In short, he had found his vocation.

Frank's desire, however, to live and move and have his being entirely within the narrow world of the short story was not shared by his friends. He found them, in fact, disappointingly unsympathetic. When, with large gesture, he bade them observe the pleasant places of the world, they scoffed politely. When, in desperation, he reached out rude hands and tried to hale them into it, they wrenched themselves free and fled. Not one remained to pray. To this disheartening rule, however, Miss Amy Prescott, had she been given a chance, would have proved herself a notable exception. She, indeed, would have lived with him gladly in any, no matter how restricted, world. But, with the aplomb of a leader in society who leaves in the ranks of the uninvited willing all persons judged unfit, Frank completely ignored her.

To work in most mysterious ways is in the nature of women. And the curious thing is that the ways are hidden even to the women themselves. They have, as it were, a dual personality—the one part innocent and conscious, the other unconscious and designing. This slyboots of a second is omnipresent in the sex, and is termed the *ewig weibliche*. This it was which utilized for Amy Mrs. Prescott's liking for Frank. She liked him because he wrote. As her husband had been a novelist, the house seemed pleasanter to her if there was a man writing in the library. Now this library—which in point of books was uncommonly well chosen, and in point of comfort uncommonly cheery—powerfully attracted Frank. With the encouragement of Mrs. Prescott, he returned to it so often that in the end he came almost to regard it as his private workshop. As he was writing there one day Amy entered, and, with blushes and apologies, asked if he would be so good as to criticise her first story. Now if any one had hinted that the tale had been fashioned to unlock rather the door of the library than the portals of the temple of fame, Amy would have felt surprised and hurt. Nevertheless, like a certain strategist of excellent reputation, she had carried the war into Africa.

In Frank's eyes, as Miss Prescott would have denied she had noticed, the writing of a short story was a creditable action. The person who wrote, or had even the ambition of writing one, was to his mind a person marked from the crowd. Regarding her for the first time with critical attention, he saw she had a bright face. Then, with a sudden recollection that her talk as well as her face was bright, there swiftly came the thought that her story might perhaps be bright also. So the writing of the story had for guerdon his consent to hear the reading thereof.

Miss Prescott's face, as it happened, was beautiful as well as intelligent. Sitting in the high arm-chair, with one snugly slippered foot pendent below the edge of her gown, with her fair head bent over her manuscript as she spoke its words, and upon her cheek a blush that winningly showed she was not wholly free from trepidation, she was of the sights peculiarly appealing to susceptible man. That she attracted Frank's attention only to what she read, and not at all to herself, is convincing evidence to the singleness of his devotion to the art of the short story.

Frank was much pleased with the tale. It was bright; it was based on a good idea; the conduct of its plot was ingenious; it ended in a striking and unforeseen climax; and its dialogue, which was abundant, was vivacious and apt. As she finished reading and looked up at him with a timid, deprecating smile, he exclaimed, "Capital! capital!" For a moment he pondered the plot and the dialogue. "Do you know," he cried, "that it would take very few changes to make that story into a rattling good curtain-raiser? Why don't you make it over? By George! I'd like to see that acted. Trescott would be great in it. And there's a splendid part there for Miss Balazier; it would fit her like a glove. You must make that over."

Miss Prescott grew prettier under his enthusiastic praise, like a bud in a shower. At no time had he held himself so little aloof, and, mingling with the inevitable pleasure of the writer who finds his work approved, was subtly present the delight, left carefully undefined, of the woman who feels herself admired by the man whom she will not admit she loves. The one drop of bitter in her cup was a vague feeling that she was attractive to him as a mind, not as a woman. Now, women do not like to be prized for intellect alone. Already Miss Prescott's intuition, troubled to find that she was so prized, was seeking means to create a diversion in favor of her more peculiarly feminine charms. As will appear, it cleverly utilized for its own purposes her modest recoil from publicity.

"Oh," she said, "I couldn't write for the stage!"

"Why not?" demanded the imperative Frank.

As if it were something she had just found, Amy examined a ring on her finger in different lights. "Oh, because," she said—"I don't know. I couldn't go about visiting managers. Aren't they very common—most of them? And you have to visit them, don't you? I couldn't do it—really, I couldn't. I haven't the bold businesslike face that is necessary—have I, do you think?" And—here was the means—she lifted her eyes to his, suddenly, and smiled.

But Frank, who never saw more than one thing at a time, was too intent upon his idea to notice this coquetry.

"Visiting the managers," he said, with an eagerness which struck Amy as disproportionate, "needn't trouble you at all. If you'll dramatize that story, I'll do my best to get it on the stage. I know people. I think I could do it."

"But," objected Amy, "I couldn't manage the exits and things. I shouldn't know in the least what to do."

For a young woman who quite without assistance had been able to write an admirable story, she seemed grown unaccountably helpless. But all this time, as she was perhaps subconsciously aware, Frank had been the victim of a desire which he hardly dared express. He thought he knew exactly how to give the tale the right dramatic form, and, filled with one of his sudden enthusiasms, he felt his fingers fairly tingling to place pen to paper in the task. He hesitated much, however, to suggest that he dramatize it, lest he should seem desirous of getting cheaply too large a share in the credit for the work. Finally, however, he proposed, in a hesitating way, that he help her a little.

"That we collaborate, do you mean?" asked Amy, ingenuously.

"Exactly," said Frank, catching at the word.

And so they collaborated. But their constant companionship in the pleasant library had no other result than a clever one-act piece which was a credit to its authors. The fault was Frank's. Thoroughly in earnest about the work they had in hand, he seemed to remain blind to all but the literary graces of his fellow-dramatist, consequently the opportunities for sentiment were improved not at all. But, without his taking note thereof, much may happen to the heart of a man whose mind is possessed by one idea—a fact which possibly Amy overlooked when in the mild profanity of womankind she characterized Frank's conduct as "provoking."

Unlucky in love, lucky at play-writing: Miss Prescott's dramatized story was a success. Entitled *Love Rewarded*, it was given on the bills as "dramatized by Mr. Frank Dexter." Amy refused to figure as its author; Frank would not take all the credit; so they compromised by leaving the authorship unstated. This little mystery, judiciously "worked" by the press agents, had the effect of piquing the public interest. The piece, aided by this and by its own merit, made an immediate hit. Consequently the young people began gayly to write a three-act comedy. But this affair of the brain, like the first, stubbornly refused to run a parallel course with the affair of the heart.

One afternoon during the run of the piece, Frank, sitting at work in his own apartments, was interrupted by a knock at his door. His impatient "Come" brought into the room on silent deprecatory feet a long, inoffensive-looking man. His shabby clothing was very queer, and it seemed to have a curious attachment to his thin figure. As a shipwrecked sailor clings to a rock, so clung the visitor's clothing to him,—desperately, that is to say, as if in fear of the ash-barrel. And its note of forlornness was repeated in the man's face. His forehead was so high, his mustache so drooping, his goatee so long, that his countenance, indeed, could hardly fail to be most lugubrious. And it was ruled so despotically by its funereal expression that Frank inferred, rather than saw, the apologetic smile it wore. So odd a figure of dejection was this ancient fellow that Frank wanted to laugh. "The melancholy man has come," he said to himself, "the saddest of the year."

Under his curious eyes, his visitor closed the door with the slow care of a man who fits a stone into a mosaic. Then taking a card from his pocket, he held it toward his waiting host. An ownerless dog who sticks out an acquaintance-seeking nose, and at the same time holds shrinking flanks aloof from the expected kick, could not have been more hesitating, have seemed less formidable, than he. Yet in the centre of the card was printed, boldly enough, "Frederick Jenkins, Esquire," and in a corner, still more boldly, *The Social Mirror*. Frank inferred with a quick trepidation, from which, however, a glance at his visitor promptly reassured him, that Mr. Jenkins was a reporter for a certain society paper which was as redoubtable as it was nauseating.

Now Frank had a theory on the proper management of the reporter. As a precautionary measure, he began at once to put it into practice. "Have a cigar," he said. That if you give a cigar to "a gentleman of the press" he will insert or refrain from inserting anything you like in the paper he represents is a popular fallacy that has led many a shrewder man than Frank into ill-advised generosity. Jenkins, like a good journalist, was acquainted with this as with every other phase of popular opinion. Without showing the least surprise, or altering at all his expression of harmless gloom, he took the proffered Havana, properly returned thanks, and put it in one of the upper pockets of his waistcoat. As Frank did not notice, three others of various lengths already reposed there. The reporter's whole bearing, however, indicated in some mild, indefinable way that to him cigars were as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Frank felt vaguely baffled.

"Well, Mr. Jenkins," continued he, assuming with an effort the geniality the not yet discredited theory demanded, "what can I do for you? Give you a chair, at least, that's certain. A very enterprising paper, the *Mirror*."

"Yes," said Jenkins, in a voice as small and still as that of conscience, yet with an odd note of triumph in it too, "we manage to get about all there is going."

He seated himself as he spoke, stretched out his slim legs comfortably, eyed the tips of his unblacked boots a moment, as if to assure himself that his feet were within easy reach should he wish to depart, and then fixed a gently speculative gaze upon his host. Whatever he wanted, he was obviously in no hurry about it.

Frank, still pursuing the theory, thought jocularity politic. "The *Mirror*," he said—"'that warped mirror to a gaping age'—hasn't caught any reflection of a scandal about me, has it?"

"Oh no," answered the reporter, with the air of a man who with patient politeness smiles at a jest outworn. "The editor has heard an interesting little rumor about your play, *Love Rewarded*, which I'm sent to verify; that's all. I congratulate you on the hit, Mr. Dexter."

"Ah, it's about the play, is it?" said Frank. He was so relieved to learn that the object of Mr. Jenkins's visit was dramatic, not social gossip, that he felt inclined to be communicative. "All right. Fire away!" he exclaimed. "What's your rumor?"

"Well," answered the journalist, in a tone that implied that the matter was of no particular consequence either to himself or to his listener—"well, I hear it hinted about that the joint author with you is Miss Prescott, daughter of the novelist."

"Eh!" ejaculated Frank, startled. He knew Amy's anonymity was precious to her.

"Oh, it's a mere rumor," said Mr. Jenkins. He seemed to regard the statement as at once explanatory and reassuring.

"Well," said Frank, smiling the smile of a man who thinks he occupies a strong position, "suppose I refuse to verify your rumor?"

"Why, then," answered Jenkins, indifferently, "I suppose the editor will do the usual thing—print the rumor, and say you refuse to talk."

"Oh, he would, would he?" retorted the smiling Frank. "Well, then, suppose I deny it altogether?"

"We'll publish your denial along with it, then."

Dexter was irritated. "But if it isn't so," he asked, sharply, "what's the use of printing it at all?"

"Oh," said Jenkins, "the public likes to know what town talk is."

"But I distinctly require that the *Mirror* say nothing at all about the matter," declared Frank, with dignity. He regarded the statement as an ultimatum.

"Yes, Mr. Dexter, of course," replied Jenkins, with the provoking calm of the man you have failed to impress; "I'll tell them so at the office, if you like. But it's town talk. Other papers will print it anyway, if we don't, and I thought you'd rather have the story straight. You see, they hint that Miss Prescott is dissatisfied at not getting her share of the credit."

"Any more?" asked Frank, with a sarcasm that he had no intention of tempering to the shorn lamb.

"Well," said Jenkins, listlessly, and as if stating a superfluous detail, "they say you've quarrelled about it."

"And you're going to print all that rubbish?"

"I'm afraid so," admitted the mild-mannered journalist. "You see, the *Mirror* can't afford to get left. But of course," he added, as if making a great concession, "they won't give it for fact. They'll merely state it as an *on dit*."

"Now, see here," said Frank, vigorously, "if this thing's got to be printed anyway, it may as well be printed right."

"That's what I thought you'd prefer," interposed Mr. Jenkins, with a satisfaction which, so to speak, he carefully forbore to print in italics.

"Miss Prescott wrote a short story, which is the basis of the play. Together we dramatized it. But Miss Prescott wished to avoid all publicity, and solely by her wish her name was kept off the bills. There's been no quarrel whatever."

"Thank you," said the reporter. "Then, if that's so, perhaps there's some truth in the other story."

"What?"

"Yes, there's another; but this," and there was an elusive faint twinkle in the mild blue eye of Mr. Jenkins, "is not unpleasant."

"Well," said Frank, settling himself in his chair resignedly, "let's have it."

"You see, it's this way," began the reporter, hesitating a little; "those who pretend to know say that instead of having quarrelled, you have become engaged."

Frank bounded to his feet, hot and angry. "What!" he shouted. "Now see here," he continued, standing threateningly over the defenceless journalist, half recumbent in the big easy-chair; "if you put any such d——d nonsense as that in your sheet I'll sue you."

"For libel?" asked Jenkins, looking up at him pleasantly.

"Well, no," said Frank, weakening suddenly, and in spite of his anger half inclined to laugh at this impudence; "but she will."

He began pacing the floor nervously, not knowing what to do. He would have liked to kick the reporter out of doors. But Jenkins, sitting there, looked as soiled and old and mournful as a last year's newspaper, and he could not. And the pen, he knew, was mightier than the boot, and would more promptly than the whirligig of time and quite as surely bring about its revenges. Finally he stopped, an earnest and monitory figure, before the patiently waiting Jenkins.

"There's not a word of truth in the report," said he, "not a word. And I emphatically forbid its publication. Now I mean every word—you understand? Good-day."

Jenkins pulled in his feet and arose. But before disappearing through the doorway he paused deliberately to say "Good-afternoon," and make a ceremonious bow.

Frank was worried. He foresaw that if published the rumor would have most embarrassing consequences. How, for instance, was he to collaborate in a three-act comedy with a young woman to whom a reckless journal had said he was engaged? In the circumstances, he felt, collaboration would proceed with a certain restraint. If the rumor were true, now—and the idea was so little unpleasant that he lingered to contemplate it a moment—the affair would be delightfully simple. In the complexity it actually had, however, Frank felt sure the comedy would remain a scenario merely. But the play was not the whole of the matter. The writer in him, giving way to the man, reflected that Amy's feelings should be considered as of some importance. Amy was a thoroughly nice girl, and a very clever writer. The publication of the rumor would place her in a false and most trying position. She would with justice be highly vexed at the unwarrantable liberty taken with her name. "But what could he do?" he asked himself, fuming. It was not libel exactly to say that you are reported engaged to a charming young lady. To horsewhip the editor—that was an idea, of course, but how could he do so before the report appeared? And to do so after it was printed would simply be to furnish new occasion for gossip in the newspapers. And Frank knew the editor of the *Social Mirror* too well to think that verbal remonstrance would do any good. He was, in fact, absolutely without resource and helpless before this unscrupulous editor of a vulgar society journal. There was nothing he could do except curse the license of the press and the absence of any remedy at law for such an unjustifiable violation of privacy. This fact chafed his energetic spirit sorely. To suffer in silence was not his specialty. Feeling a desperate need to do something, he did finally visit the editor. He was received with smooth words, lost his temper, and had the satisfaction of knowing he had made a bad matter worse. In view of all the facts, he felt himself justified in remarking, grimly, that the *Social Mirror* was altogether quite too social.

He fumed and fretted through the week as best he could till Saturday. Then he bought the first copy of the *Mirror* he could lay hands on, glanced hastily through its columns, found what he feared to find, read, and stood transfixed. This is what the harmless Mr. Jenkins, with Frank's pure Havana in his mouth and a lurking smile in his inoffensive face, had written:

"By-the-way" (so ran the chatty paragraph), "quite a little romance is connected with *Love Rewarded*, the witty *lever de rideau* now being played in connection with that truly American comedy *A Corner in Wheat*, at the Holliday Theatre. It may not be known to readers of the *Mirror* that a very large share in its authorship was taken by Miss Amy Prescott, of No. 17 Mount Washington Place, the accomplished daughter of the late distinguished novelist. Miss Prescott, who is a blonde, petite, and very pretty, evidently inherits the talent of her celebrated father. She is an heiress, however, for Mrs. Prescott is credited with being much more than comfortably well off. This fact lends interest to a current rumor that Mr. Frank Dexter, alone mentioned on the bills as author of *Love Rewarded*, will soon desert his cozy bachelor apartments at the Bellington, to take up a position as son-in-law in the family of his charming collaborateur. Mr. Dexter emphatically denies the truth of the rumor, but this is believed to be because the young people are not yet ready for the announcement to be publicly made. In any case, the report cannot fail to have its influence on the box receipts of the Holliday. Every one will wish to see a piece with so romantic a history, to say nothing of its dramatic excellence."

"There!" said Mr. Jenkins to himself as he finished this fluent paragraph; "I'm giving him the very best kind of a free ad, if he only has the sense to see it."

Frank did not have the sense to see it. Having read the article, he felt limp, and sat down. "What is written is written," he said to himself, like a fatalist. He wished that editors of society papers realized the fact and its import. And it occurred to him whimsically that a worthy deed would be done by him who should paste over the desk of each writer of social items this quatrain by Omar Khayyám:

"The Moving Finger writes, and having writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of It."

Not that the editors in question had either piety or wit, or were apt to shed tears, but that by daily study of the verses through a sufficient period of time they might arrive at the perception that other less desirable results than the filling of newspaper tills were sometimes accomplished by their careless irrevocable lines. For himself, since tears were useless, nothing remained except swearing. That, indeed, the natural man suggested; the sensible man, however, mildly advised against it, as not likely to help matters, and for once in the history of the world the natural man took the sensible man's advice. So Frank maintained for a minute what a woman who unquestionably knows men has described as a "blasphemous silence." Then he arose, and paced the floor like some distracted idiotic hero in a modern farce.

What would Miss Prescott think of the paragraph? he wondered. He saw the blush sweep over her face; he saw the passionate thrust with which she would cast the hateful sheet from her; he saw her put her head down and weep. He wished he were engaged to her—then, at least, this mortification would be spared her. Suddenly he stopped short in his walk. The horrible thought had occurred to him that Amy might think he had given the information for the paragraph. Of whom else, pray, could the *Mirror* have obtained its facts? That she might judge him capable of such indiscretion was agony to him. He lit a cigar to help him think, sat down rigidly, and stared into space. After a moment he realized that he was gazing intently into the face of a cast of the "Laughing Satyr" which stood on a table in one corner of the room, grinning, as it seemed to him, intelligently. He put a restraint upon his temper and did not break the image. Instead, he flung his very good cigar into the grate, and although he smiled grimly at his foolishness, he felt better. Such is the property of folly.

Then he began to debate what he should do. He supposed he'd have to call and express his regret. But how the deuce was he to condole with the girl? If he assumed too chagrined an air at being reported engaged to her, she might not regard his conduct as flattering. If, on the other hand, he should merrily make light of the report, would that please her? There was probably a golden mean, but Frank was sure it would prove uncommonly elusive. Upon his energetic nature, however, the need to act in some way, even a bad one, was imperative. So with no very clear idea of what he should say when he arrived, he wrenched on his overcoat, jammed on his hat, and started for Mrs. Prescott's. "If I were only engaged to the girl, now," he reflected, as he walked doggedly on.

Meanwhile the coquettish paragraph was courting attention in other places. The city editor of the *Morning Dawn*, seeking in the *Mirror* what he might devour, found the paragraph and marked it for his own. But knowing that the *Mirror* was prone to distort the image of truth, he cared not to print the rumor unverified. As it happened, there was in the reporters' room at the time no one but an inexperienced young fellow, fresh from college, who still thought of journalism as "a profession." A green thought in a green shade side by side with his verdancy would have looked withered. But the city editor, having no choice, handed this youngster the clipping from the *Mirror* and bade him go ascertain at Mrs. Prescott's if the report were correct. The young reporter, a gentleman by instinct, departed with much inward distaste for his mission. Both mother and daughter, he felt, would regard the question he must put to one of them as not falling properly within the domain of his business. He hated to seem ungentlemanly in their eyes. He dreaded the freezing manner with which he foresaw they would politely punish his impudence. As he trudged along he worked himself into a fine condition of nervousness.

Precisely at the time when the all-seeing eye of the city editor of the *Morning Dawn* fell upon the paragraph in the *Mirror*, Frank was admitted into Mrs. Prescott's reception-room. "For Miss Prescott," he said, giving the maid his card. And as he waited, he wondered dismally what face she would bring him. The moment Amy entered the room he knew he was going to pass a bad quarter of an hour. She was pale. Her eyes were hard. She had an ill-omened rigidity about the mouth. The quick contrasting vision of how she would have appeared had the report been true made him wish again that it were. But it was not; and though she seemed like a marble goddess, vindictive and inevitable, advancing toward him to crush him, he had to face her. Had he not held himself well in hand he would instinctively have dodged.

"Miss Prescott, I—" he began. But she interrupted him.

"I am glad you called, Mr. Dexter—very glad," she said. "Ever since I saw that paragraph in the *Mirror* I have wished to say how sorry I am for the great annoyance it must cause you."

"But—" exclaimed Frank, bewildered.

"Oh, no polite protests, I beg of you," interposed she, as if to rescue him from an embarrassment she perfectly understood. "One who holds himself so above—above everything of the sort, must be vexed by such an absurd report. I hope you will believe that I had nothing to do with starting it in circulation."

"Miss Prescott," cried the utterly disconcerted Dexter, "such a thought never entered my head, and as for being annoyed, I assure you I was not annoyed—"

"Then why did you contradict it?"

"Contradict it?" helplessly repeated Frank, who was not used to hearing unreasonable questions put with such an air of reason. "Why—"

"Yes; the paper says you contradicted it. 'Emphatically,' the paper says. I suppose that means you swore."

"I contradicted it," said Frank, desperately, "because I thought you would not like to be reported engaged to me."

"Indeed!" commented Miss Prescott, in a tone which implied she did not believe him.

"Yes, I did. Why should you be so incredulous? How should it be unpleasant to a man to be thought engaged to such a girl as you?" And then the thought which since the visit of the reporter had been constantly with him took mean advantage of his confusion and slipped the barrier of his lips. "I wish to goodness," he said, "that you were!"

In a second he realized what he had done. In the keenest apprehension, he looked at Miss Prescott. How would she take it? As he looked he saw with surprise her paleness suddenly vanish. In its place a deep red flush suffused her face and mounted to the roots of her hair. She stood swaying a moment as if strength had left her limbs, and then sank helplessly into a chair. All at once her secret was revealed to him, and, to his amazement, caused him intense joy. His indifference, which but a moment before had seemed strong and brave, like a castle with banners, had, as a matter of fact, been slowly weakened by constant companionship with her, and now at the touch of this revealing moment fell, like the undermined stronghold that it was, an instantaneous ruin. He started eagerly toward her.

"Oh, go away, go away!" cried Amy, brokenly, and burst into tears. "You said that because—"

"You think I said it because I was vexed at getting into a mess. Well, I didn't," said Frank, with decision. "I—"

But at this moment the maid entered the room, bearing a card on a silver tray. Frank, wishing to screen Amy's tears from the servant, stepped between her and her mistress and took the card. "Another reporter!" he exclaimed. "Don't let him in." But the young representative of the *Dawn*, scared but determined, already stood in the doorway. Though surprised at the scene before him, and much embarrassed, he yet managed, as Frank confronted him, to stammer out the question,

"Which is Miss Prescott?"

"I am," said Frank, promptly.

"Well," said the reporter, getting very red, and not seeming to notice the incongruity of this reply, "I want to know—that is—the *Morning Dawn* sent me to ascertain—if you are engaged to Mr. Frank Dexter—er—that is—you can't be engaged to him, of course, but if she is—"

"Yes, I am," said Frank, cutting him short.

"Frank Dexter," cried Amy, stung into action by this audacity, "how dare you say—"

"But I do," retorted Frank. "And, young man, you have my full permission to print it in the *Morning Dawn* if you like. That isn't any too gorgeous a place for it. Good-night."

As the reporter, only too glad to escape, departed, Frank turned and faced Miss Prescott. She still had tears in her eyes, but in her expression was an odd blending of confusion, reproach, and joy, which told him he was forgiven.

"Oh, Frank!" she said.

Once outside the house that night, Frank paused a moment to assure himself of his identity. "By George!" he muttered, "that was sudden! But I'm glad of it."

And then he lit a cigar and strode joyfully homeward.

HIS OFFSPRING.

"My pigmy counterpart," the poet wrote
Of his dear child, the darling of his heart;
Then longed to clutch the stupid printer's throat
That set it up—"My pig my counterpart."

Antony Chekyl.

THIS BUSY WORLD

In the present state of land values in New York the fashion of putting up two-story buildings for business purposes is hardly likely to have much of a run. One could wish, though, that the contagion of it might spread, since there is not a twenty-five-story building anywhere, not even in Chicago, that gladdens the eye and repays the pains of the observer as does Mr. Bennett's new architectural exploit in what the *Herald* calls "Herald Square." What absolute originality there has been in this enterprise—the transfer of a morning paper to the evening end of the town, and the notion of going the fifteen-story buildings twelve and a half stories better simply by leaving that number of stories unbuilt! The notion of improving a man by taking off his head is extremely venerable, and is still in use in some parts of the world in spite of dispute as to its value. But it never was as good an idea as this new one of improving a New York business block by leaving the dozen upper stories unbuilt.

And, by-the-way, every one who goes to see the *Herald's* new home must be struck by the change in the demeanor of the statue of William Earl Dodge since Mr. Bennett's paper moved into the block behind it. Mr. Dodge always looked hopeful and determined, but since he has got a great morning journal behind him he has gained an expression of confidence that amounts to complete assurance. The change is obvious to any close observer, and is a remarkable commentary on the times. That a philanthropist should feel stronger with a newspaper at his back than with a militia regiment's armory is not a thing to wonder at, but that a bronze philanthropist should be able to get so much of his satisfaction into his features is truly remarkable. The fact is that Mr. Dodge's effigy has appropriated the *Herald* building and all that therein is. The armory was obviously public property, and he never pretended that it was his, but he looks all over the owner of the *Herald* and the author and finisher of its destinies and its block. The title-deeds to it are evidently recorded in those large books his arm rests on, and if you meditate a giant "ad" and want to hire the whole of the *Herald's* front page it might pay you to consult with the bronze Mr. Dodge about it at midnight, just at the instant when the electric owls are exchanging winks. It will be a considerable shock to Mr. Bennett when he comes home and finds what a grip the bronze Mr. Dodge has got upon his property; and I am not sure but that if Mr. Dodge could come back there would be some consternation mixed in with his surprise at finding what sort of business his metal effigy had fallen heir to.

Interest attaches to the announcement that Mr. W. T. Stead has made a book, to be published this fall, about Thomas Lake Harris, the eminent prophet, of whom so much was said and so little disclosed in connection with the life and strange adventures of the late Lawrence Oliphant. As the publisher of a quarterly review of spook literature, Mr. Stead has got his hand well in in dealing with matters occult, and should be able to deal with Mr. Harris in such a way as to make interesting reading. No doubt a chief purpose of his book will be to "do Harris justice," by refuting the impression left by Mrs. Oliphant, in her memoir of her interesting kinsman, that the prophet was a swindler who imposed upon Lawrence Oliphant's credulity and abused his trust. If that is Mr. Stead's purpose, no doubt he will put the prophet's powers more in evidence than has heretofore been done, and we shall have some edifying tales of telepathy, spiritism, and things not generally known.

Whatever fault may be found with the Broadway cable-cars when they don't run, when they do run they have merits that are especially discernible in hot weather. It would perhaps be too much to call them good summer resorts, but the air goes through them cheerfully on hot days, and the passengers gain an alleviation of temperature that is not offset by the sight of suffering horses. They have a great advantage over most of the trolley-cars in being near the ground. One can step into a Broadway car, but to get into the average trolley-car involves a climb.

Commenting upon Senator Hill's recent exploits in the Senate, the Baltimore *Sun* speaks with unusual caution when it observes that "*it is probable* that Hill has unintentionally committed hari-kari." If there is any statesman now in public life who is entitled to a private burying-ground for his personal use it is the senior Senator from New York. He has not made a motion for the last two years that has not given occasion for many worthy newspapers to announce that he is dead and buried past all resurrection. Perhaps he is, but he is a pretty lively political corpse. The truth is that the United States Senate is a very unreliable place of interment, and politicians who have been buried there are liable to keep on showing signs of vitality for years after their political lives have been pronounced extinct. Reiterated assertion of the deadness of a corpse is not the best means of inspiring public confidence in the permanency of its decease.

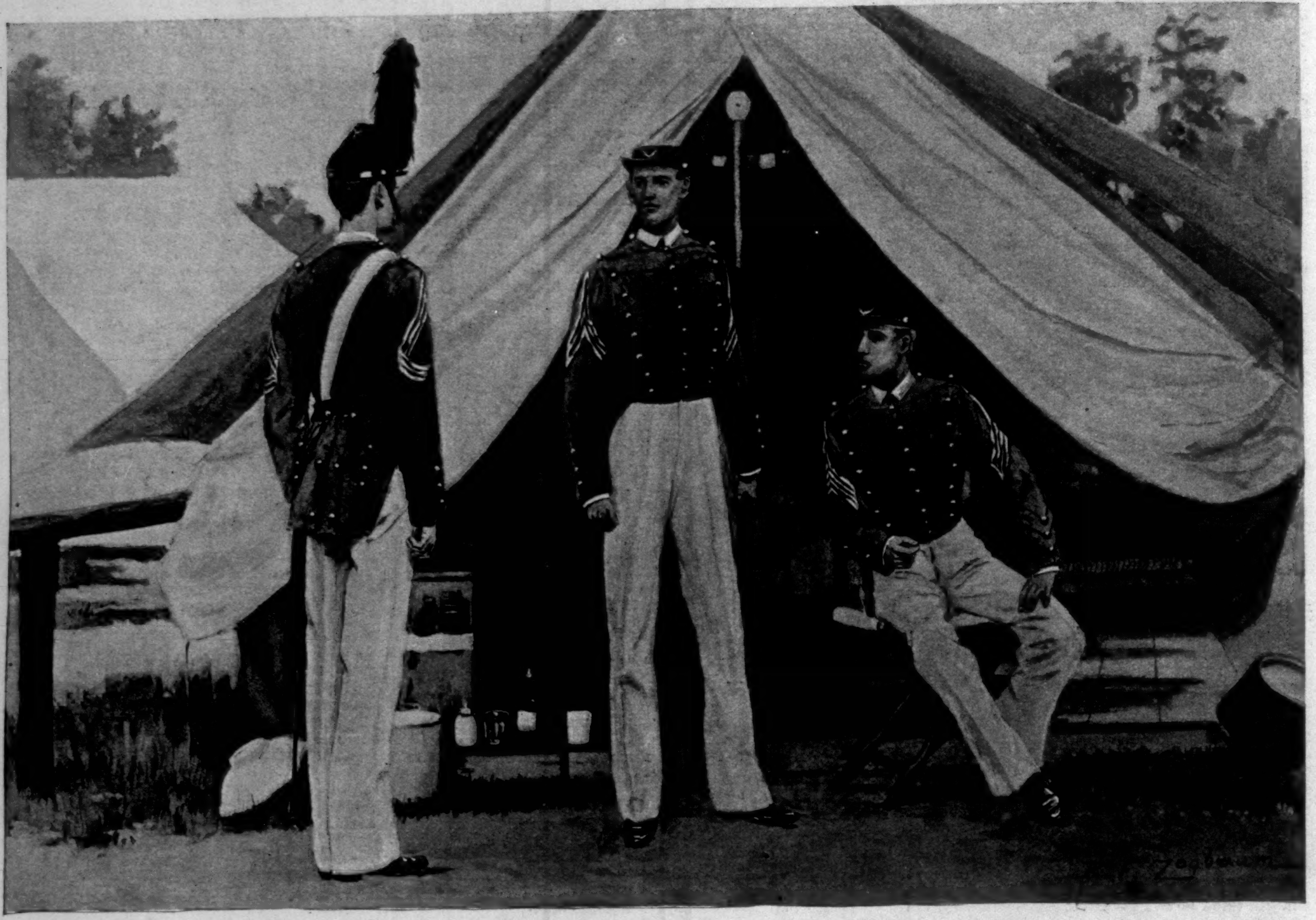
What an extraordinary number of yacht-races there must be in English waters during July and August! An inattentive newspaper reader might readily get the impression that the *Navahoe* had been beaten three times a week for the last two months. It is not so bad as that, but it is probably bad enough to make Mr. Carroll yearn to go over again another season with a faster boat.

The British Parliamentary fracas in July was attributed to the extreme irritability of the members consequent upon the unusual length and strain of the session. The assault of Mr. MacNeill upon Harry Furniss indicates that the Parliamentary temper has not improved. If it should become the fashion for men whom Mr. Furniss has caricatured to assault him, *Punch's* genial artist would lead an animated life. Happily politicians of real note quickly get used to caricature, and regard it no more than the distorted reflection of their features in a concave mirror. Mr. Furniss's pencil has its own way of being just. He makes the worst of every victim's most prominent feature, and if Mr. MacNeill had more sense he would no more have resented the exaggeration of his front teeth than Mr. Gladstone does the amplification of his shirt collar. A man who can't stand caricature in these days has demonstrated his unfitness for conspicuous political success.

The announcement is made that the impending thirty-eighth edition of *Lorna Doone* will contain the only portrait ever published of Mr. Blackmore. Is it possible that we have worried along all this time without knowing how Mr. Blackmore looks? It seems unlikely, and yet my recollection cannot call up any visage that it can recognize as his. It was a hazardous experiment for him to withhold his likeness so long. However he may look, if we had known his features for the last twenty years we would have come to like them; but now all of us who are his old friends have preconceived notions of the sort of appearance that the author of *Lorna Doone* ought to present, and his true physiognomy must run the risk of not coming up to our ideals of it. To be sure, the Waverley Novels were old favorites before any edition of them was graced by Scott's portrait; but when the portrait did come, what a picture it was!

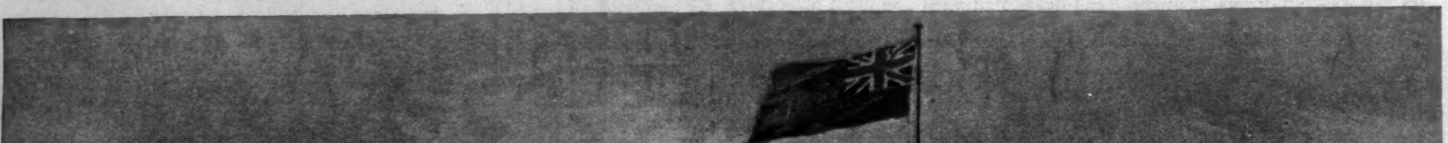
It would be interesting and might be useful if some competent authority would discuss the comparative advantages of early and late drinking, with a view to determine which is less deleterious. It is not uncommon for men to pride themselves on abstention from alcohol until after five o'clock in the afternoon, and to regard themselves as exemplary drinkers so long as they hold off until that hour, no matter how deep their potations may be between then and midnight. It is true that a man whose swallows do not begin to fly homeward until the usual roosting-hour for swallows avoids the risk of being overcome by daylight. But that should be a remote risk in any case. The real question is whether the beverages which the progressing toper consumes do him less damage if he drinks them late and sleeps them off than if he drinks them early and works them off. Of course it is too large and important a question to be discussed in a paragraph, and depends upon too many conditions—such as the sort of work, if any, that the consumer attempts to do, and especially whether it is active out-door work or sedentary. It will be proclaimed at the outset of the discussion that potations in business hours are indefensible, but really it seems a fair matter for argument whether a man with his morning cocktail actually in him is not at least as useful for business purposes as a rigid matutinal abstainer whose liver creaks as a result of the libations of the previous evening.

E. S. Martin.



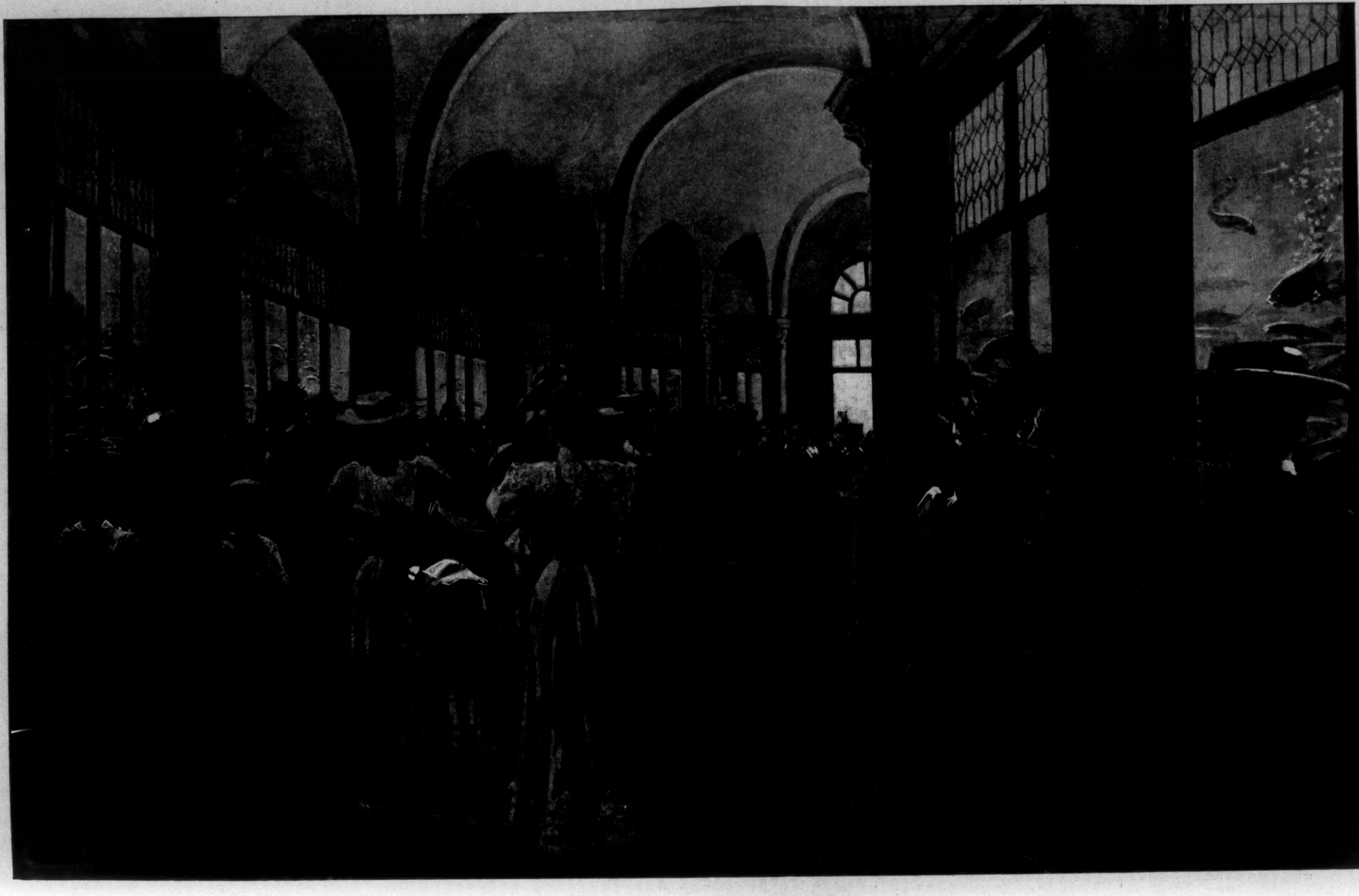
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—CADETS CAMPING ON THE FAIR GROUNDS.—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

[SEE EDITORIAL "WEST POINT DISCIPLINE," PAGE 855.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION BUILDING—BRITISH EMPIRE DAY AT THE FAIR—TROOPING THE COLORS.

Seen from the Victoria House, Canada's Building in the Background.—Drawn by Hubert E. Butler.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—VISITORS IN THE FISHERIES BUILDING.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

CALCUTTA.

BY JAMES DARMESTETER.

IN the year of grace 1636, when the Honorable East India Company had already been established for some twenty-five years as humble traders in the town of Surat, then the chief western port of India, the daughter of the Great Mogul was taken ill, and the native doctors, after trying in vain to cure her, had ended by saying, "Allah alone can restore her to health." The father of the princess—that Shah Jehan who raised the Taj Mahal to the memory of his beloved queen, Mumtaz Mahal—adored his daughter also, and bethought him of the Feringees, whose doctors had remedies for all ills. So he sent an express messenger to Surat, and this messenger returned with a doctor from one of the English vessels, a Mr. Boughton, who saved the life of the princess. The Emperor told Boughton to name his own reward; and the doctor, with the commercial patriotism of his nation, asked for the company the right to trade, without paying customs, in the rich district of Bengal. This was how the East India Company came to found a factory at Hooghly, on the river of the same name, which is one of the branches of the Ganges, forming its delta.

There the English merchants made large profits, becoming so wealthy that they assumed the airs of conquerors, and claimed to treat on equal terms with the Great Mogul himself. Unfortunately for them, the Great Mogul at this time was the mighty Aurungzebe, or "Ornament of the Throne," the Louis XIV. of India, who was no more tolerant of encroachments on his dignity than his contemporary of France, and he drove off the insolent traders, confiscated their goods, and only allowed them to remain after they had humbly begged pardon for the crimes they had committed against him. But they did not go back to Hooghly. When the situation was becoming strained, the agent of the company, Job Charnock, had evacuated the first settlement and gone down the river to seek some other asylum. Passing the small village of Chutanutty, a little above the river, he noticed a wide-spreading fig-tree overshadowing the houses. The scene pleased him. He ordered a halt, and made his people build their tents in the shade of the colossal growth, and from this encampment, originally intended for one night's shelter only, rose the capital of the Eastern Empire.

Charnock died six years later, convinced that he had been the Romulus of a new Rome. It is said that he died a convert to the religion of the Bengalese, after having rescued from the funeral pyre and married a young widow who was about to be burnt by her parents in honor of her deceased husband. The Church evidently disbelieved this story, for it has given to the founder of Calcutta several feet of ground in the old cathedral, and on the marble tomb above his remains is recorded, in Latin, how Job Charnock, Esq., the worthy agent of England in the kingdom of Bengal, after long wanderings in a foreign land, returned to his eternal home on the 10th January, 1692; or, to quote the actual inscription, "*Qui, postquam in solo non suo peregrinatus esset diu, reversus est domum suæ æternitatis decimo die januarii,* 1692." This is the oldest engraved stone in Calcutta.

The name of Chutanutty is still retained in the northern quarter of Calcutta, and the original settlement gradually spread to the neighboring villages of Govindpur, where is now the Esplanade, and Kali Kutta, or the village of the goddess Kali, which has given its name to the whole capital. This latter village itself derived its name from a celebrated temple to Kali, three or four miles away, known as Kali Ghat, which was corrupted by the English into Calcutta. Kali, or the Black, is one of the names of the formidable spouse of Siva Mahadevi, the great goddess of a thousand names and a thousand forms, who is adored—now as the embodiment of creative thought, now as the destroyer—and who is the object of mystic rites, some obscene, some sanguinary. The following myth is the explanation given by the natives of the establishment of the worship of Kali at Bengal:

Dakcha had given his daughter Parvati in marriage to Siva, but being soon after raised by Brahma to the rank of chief of the Frajapatis, this same Dakcha grew proud, and made preparations for a great sacrifice, to which he neglected to invite Siva. In fact, he set but little store on the son-in-law, who, like some madman, attended by spectres and spirits, spent his time prowling about in graveyards, with dishevelled hair, garments sprinkled with the ashes of the dead, and wearing a necklace of skulls.

Parvati saw all the gods passing by in their chariots, decked out as if for a fête, and asked her husband where they were going. Siva replied that they were the guests of her father, but that he (Siva) had not been asked to take part in the sacrifices about to be offered. Wounded at the affront offered to her spouse, Parvati went to seek her father, whom she abjured, and, in order to get rid of the body of which he was the author, she gave up the ghost. Siva, inconsolable for her loss, seized her corpse, and flinging it upon his shoulders, he ran to and fro upon the earth, which trembled beneath the weight of his sorrow. Men, in terror, appealed to Vishnu for help; and Vishnu, rushing to their assistance, flung forth his wonder-working disk, which cut the body of Parvati into fifty-two pieces. The spots where these fifty-two pieces fell became the goals of pilgrimages, and the objects of the veneration of the faithful, who erected temples upon them. That of Kali Ghat was built where fell the second toe of the left foot of Parvati.

NOTE.—The previous papers of this series, entitled "Capitals of the World," were published in HARPER'S WEEKLY as follows:

PARIS.—No. 1837.
By François Coppée.
ST. PETERSBURG.—No. 1841.
By E. Melchior de Vogüé.
CONSTANTINOPLE.—No. 1846.
By Pierre Loti.
ROME.—No. 1850.
By Gaston Boissier.
GENEVA.—No. 1856.
By Édouard Rod.
ATHENS.—No. 1859.
By Comte de Moüy.
PEKIN.—No. 1862.
By General Tcheng-Ki-Tong.
CAIRO.—No. 1864.
By Camille Pelletan.
BERLIN.—No. 1866.
By Antonin Proust.
LONDON.—No. 1868.
By Sir Charles W. Dilke.
VIENNA.—No. 1869.
By Madame Adam.
MEXICO.—No. 1872.
By Auguste Génin.
CHRISTIANIA.—No. 1878
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By Maurice Wahl.
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By Henry Loomis Nelson.
BRUSSELS.—No. 1883.
By Camille Lemonnier.
BUCHAREST.—No. 1885.
By Carmen Sylva.
COPENHAGEN.—No. 1888
By André Michel.
MADRID.—No. 1890.
By Emilio Castelar.
RIO DE JANEIRO.—No. 1893.
By J. de Santa Anna Neri.
STOCKHOLM.—No. 1895.
By Maurice Barrès.
LISBON.—No. 1897.
By Armand Dayot.

This temple rises from the banks of a little stream called the Tolli, after a brave English colonel who once had a villa there. This humble little dried-up *nullah* is, according to popular tradition, the old bed of the Ganges, the original Ganges, or Adi-Ganga, and hence its sacred character. The wide Hooghly, say the natives, was dug out by human and irreverent hands. The only traces now remaining of the original stream are a few depressions of the soil and one or two stagnant pools. Archæologists recognize its original course by the ruins of the sanctuaries and remains of the *ghats*, or steps leading down to the water, in which the faithful made their ablutions, and beside which they burnt their dead before sending them to paradise by way of the sacred stream. Of all these ghats, that of the Temple of Kali is still the most celebrated and the most frequented. People flock to it from every part of Bengal, and a royal road once led to it from Moorshedabad, which was the capital a hundred years ago, across the jungles and marshes then occupying the site of Calcutta. The grand Chowringhee, the Oxford Street or Rue de Rivoli of Calcutta, follows the route taken by the pilgrims; the course is exactly the same; the borders alone have changed, the Corinthian porticos of the Græco-Saxon palaces replacing the palm-trees and peepuls* of the past, whilst ayahs and their charges, and strings of carriages, occupy the roadway down which once hastened half-naked men and women from the Himalayas and other remote districts of India, leaning on their staffs as they pressed forward to the sacred goal.

What all these poor wretches came to see was the image of Kali, which is still in its place. As her name implies, she is black, but she is so covered with offerings and her shrine is so dark that nothing is really visible but her tongue, which is of gold, and hangs down to her breasts—rather surprising at first in a lady and a goddess, but which is explained when we learn the rest of the history of Parvati. She had generously undertaken the task of delivering the earth from the demons and monsters with which it was infested. This work accomplished, she danced upon the corpses in her joy so heavily that the earth shook and fell to pieces. Seeing this, her husband flung himself, in self-abandonment, amongst the dead bodies; and Parvati, suddenly perceiving her lord and master at her feet, was seized with shame, and put out her tongue, that being, amongst the Hindoos, the most expressive sign of confusion. It is in this edifying attitude that art and religion have immortalized the goddess.

Pilgrims still flock to Calcutta every day, but especially on the fête-days sacred to Siva, such as that called Charak-Puja, when fanatics cut and slash themselves about as they whirl madly round in wild dances in honor of the goddess. The grandest festival of all is that known as the Kali-Pudja, or Kali worship, which lasts one whole night, and that the darkest night of the waning moon of the month called Kartika.† On that night the temple is inundated with the blood of goats, sheep, and buffaloes, and is the scene of a heart-rending and sickening butchery. The worshipper leads his victim in, the priest pours a little blood on its head in sign of consecration, and the butcher seizes the animal, places its head in a vice, and cuts it off. The priest dips his finger in the warm blood, smears the idol with it, pockets his fees—he gets a few cents for each sacrifice—and the pilgrim goes off with the decapitated corpse, happy at having held intercourse with his goddess, and confident that his petition, whatever it may be, will be granted.

At one time it was with human blood that Kali was smeared. Even at the beginning of the present century, when the English power was fully established, some devotee of Kali would replace the goat by a child, and Kali sent no angel to turn aside the knife of the sacrificer. A whole caste, that of the famous assassins known as Thugs, dedicated themselves to Kali.

The present temple was built about three centuries ago by a member of a wealthy family of Bengal, called Sâbarna, who devoted to its maintenance the income from some two hundred acres. A Brahmin named Chandibar was the first priest, and his descendants, who rejoice in the title of Haldar, are the present owners. The revenues of the temple are immense. The right of exacting sixty centimes per victim would alone be enough to support it, for on certain days hundreds, perhaps even thousands, are butchered. The Haldar family is now divided into several branches, each of which receives the offerings in rotation for eight days; but at great festivals and on other special occasions every branch is represented, and the profits are divided. There are few sanctuaries in the world where keeping the accounts is so simple a matter.

When Job Charnock set up his factories at Chutanutty, Govindpur, and Kali Kutta, the Kali Ghat was as much frequented as it is to-day, but pilgrims did not go to it in tram-cars. The three villages, now welded into one huge metropolis, were buried in a forest, a far-stretching forest, haunted by wild beasts and banditti, with nothing to break its monotony but pestilential marshes. The English town rose up in a spasmodic manner, without any particular plan or attention to the laws of hygiene. Some parts, indeed, were below the level of the river. Jungle and rice fields, with here and there a clearing and a few native tents, came close up to the European houses, which were thus in the very grip of malaria. The mortality was terrible, and to face the horrors of the situation the courage was required of the heroic merchant who took as his motto "a hundred per cent. or death." It is said that in one year a quarter of the Europeans were swept away; and the sailors, playing upon words, said that Calcutta stood for Golgotha, or the place of skulls.

Meanwhile, however, the Mogul Empire was falling to pieces. From the other side of the peninsula, from the shores of the Indian Ocean, a new people, the Mahrattas, who owed their consolidation to the genius of the freebooter Sivaji, were overrunning the country, and advancing upon Delhi and the Ganges. In 1742 their scouts were noticed within sight of the Hooghly. The Mahratta incursion, however, passed along the horizon without bearing down upon Calcutta, and the English merchants once more concentrated their attention on their business, and continued their quarrels with their French, Danish, and Dutch rivals of Chandernagore, Serampore, and Chinsura.

It was not until fourteen years later, in 1756, that the storm broke, and when it did it was in quite an unexpected quarter. The young Nabob of Bengal, Surajah Dowlah, offended by a letter from the Governor, a Mr. Drake, who refused to demolish the fortifications erected during the war with the French, advanced upon Calcutta at the head of an army. The Governor fled with his staff and his treasures; the military commandant followed his example, and deserted Fort William. The abandoned garrison chose a chief, Holwell by name, and under him held out for forty-eight hours, but half of the defenders were killed, whilst many took refuge in the cellars, and there drank themselves to death. Holwell saw that all was lost, and attempted a parley with the enemy. Whilst the negotiations were going on the enemy entered the fort. Night was approaching, and what was to be done with the one hundred and forty-six English prisoners? A safe place to confine them in was for some time sought in vain, when the Nabob bethought him of a room twenty feet square, with but one window, behind the arched veranda in which the English had been waiting since the capture of the fort. It was a June night, and the heat was terrible, but the unfortunate English were driven at the point of the sword into the confined space, which has ever since been known as the Black Hole. A tragedy ensued, unrivalled even by anything described in Dante's "Inferno."

All through the night were heard the cries of the doomed men, growing fainter and fainter hour by hour; and in the morning, when the natives opened the door of the dungeon, but twenty-three spectres issued forth, leaving one hundred and twenty-three dead, some prostrate on the floor, others still standing, though the sun of India had already begun the work of putrefaction. The twenty-three survivors had escaped by climbing on the bodies of the dying and the dead, so as to clutch the window-frame and get a little air. The Mussulmans remained for seven months at Calcutta, which they named Alinagar, or the town of Ali, thus triumphing over the Hindoos and English alike. But out of the Black Hole was to spring the British Empire in India. The seven months were scarcely over when Clive won back the ruins of Calcutta, and on the 23d June, 1757, a year and two days after the tragedy of the Black Hole, he destroyed the army of the Nabob in the battle of Plassey.

When the great blow fell there were seventy houses in Calcutta, all inhabited by English people. Modern Calcutta may be said to date from 1757. The old factory was given up to the custom-house and other offices, and a new fort, the present Fort William, begun a little lower down than its predecessor on the banks of the river. And gradually the forest surrounding Calcutta was attacked, and replaced by the modern town. Where the cathedral now rises Warren Hastings hunted the tiger a century ago, and servants engaged in the neighboring houses were in the habit of taking off all their clothes when they went home from their work in the evening, that there might be nothing about them to tempt robbers.

Since 1757 the history of Calcutta has been that of the rapid increase in prosperity of the English, as that of India has been of the progress of British domination. At the beginning of the eighteenth century Calcutta was still a dependency of Madras; in 1707 it had become independent, and the three presidencies of Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta were on an equal footing, that is to say, on a similar footing of anarchy. After the departure of Clive, whose clear brain foresaw that the wealthy but weak Bengal merely awaited the hand of the conqueror, Calcutta was the head-quarters of British power. In 1773 it became the actual capital. In 1834 the Governor-General of Bengal became the Governor of India, in 1858 India was annexed by the British crown, and a little later the Governor took the title of Viceroy.* The splendor of the town was worthy of its lofty political destiny. One man especially set his seal upon the capital, and gave to it its imperial character. This man was the Marquis of Wellesley, the brother of the Duke of Wellington, less illustrious perhaps, but greater, one of those proconsuls of genius which it has been reserved to Rome in the past and England in the present to produce. He struck the key-note in 1800, when he built the Government House. "India," he said, "should be governed from a palace, not from an office; with the ideas of a prince, not those of a retail seller of muslin or indigo." He it was who really founded the City of Palaces.

I.

Calcutta is a regular English town, though it is surrounded by a vast Indian village of some six hundred thousand inhabitants. It is not, like Delhi, Benares, or Lahore, an old Indian city, as ancient as the earliest records of the country, with its own art, its own native life, its own characteristic appearance, on to which European conquest has tacked, generally at a little distance off, a wealthy foreign suburb of villas, gardens, and avenues. In this case the Indian village is in itself the outcome of the English city, and has sprung up to supply the needs of its inhabitants. Hence Calcutta, the largest though it be of Indian communities, is yet the most uninteresting from an art point of view. You go to Agra to see the Taj Mahal; to Delhi, to see the Jumma Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, begun by the great Aurungzebe, or the Cyclopean ruins of the ancient city; to Benares, to look at the tiers of temples rising up above the river; but you only go to Calcutta out of respect for the fact that it is the capital, and everybody ought to go and see the capital.

Calcutta, then, is not a town of any individual character; it is just a capital. Now very little is needed to make a capital—nothing more, in fact, than good-will and a few bricklayers; but to make a town, a living entity, throbbing with life and motion, the stones must be piled up by the genius of a whole people. There must be associated with its growth traditions and memories, hopes and fears, love, and aspirations after something higher, better, nobler than anything yet achieved, a something which stirs the masses to ambition; and, before all this, a certain fitness in the site chosen, a response to a silent appeal from nature. Calcutta is where it is just because one Job Charnock happened to make a halt on its site.

The English of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries do not know much about art; they do not care much for it at home, and still less do they trouble their heads on the subject in a country where their stay is only temporary, and where they remain but long enough to make their fortunes. So they did not draw much on their imaginations in the de-

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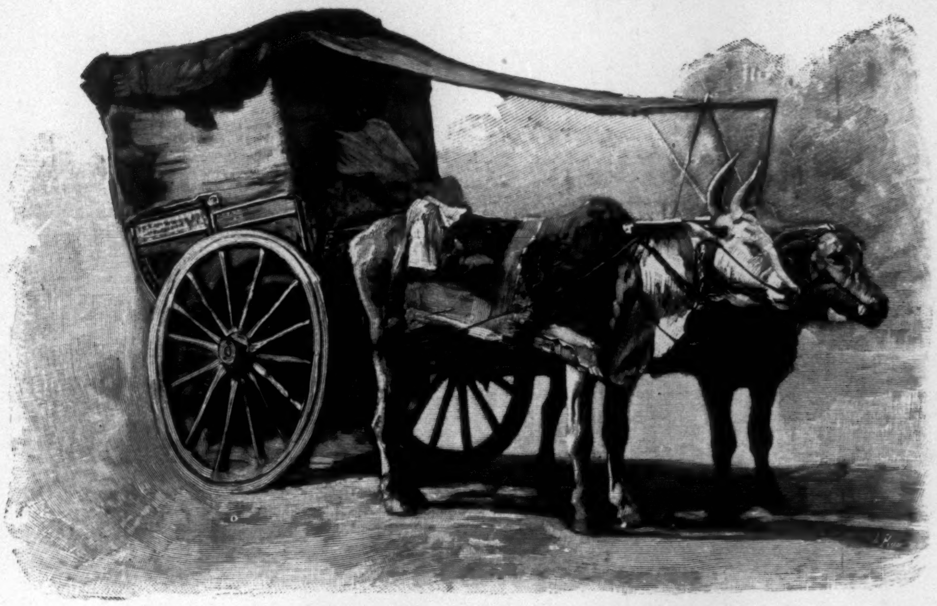
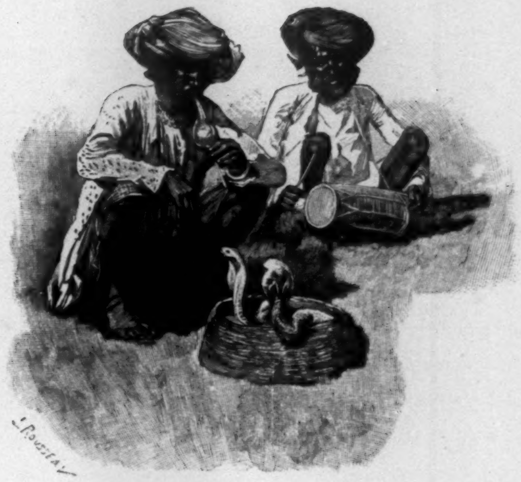
* The *peepul* is the *Ficus religiosa*, or sacred fig-tree of the Buddhists, popularly known as the bo-tree.—TRANS.

† Kartikeya is the Hindoo Mars, the offspring of Siva and the Ganges.—TRANS.

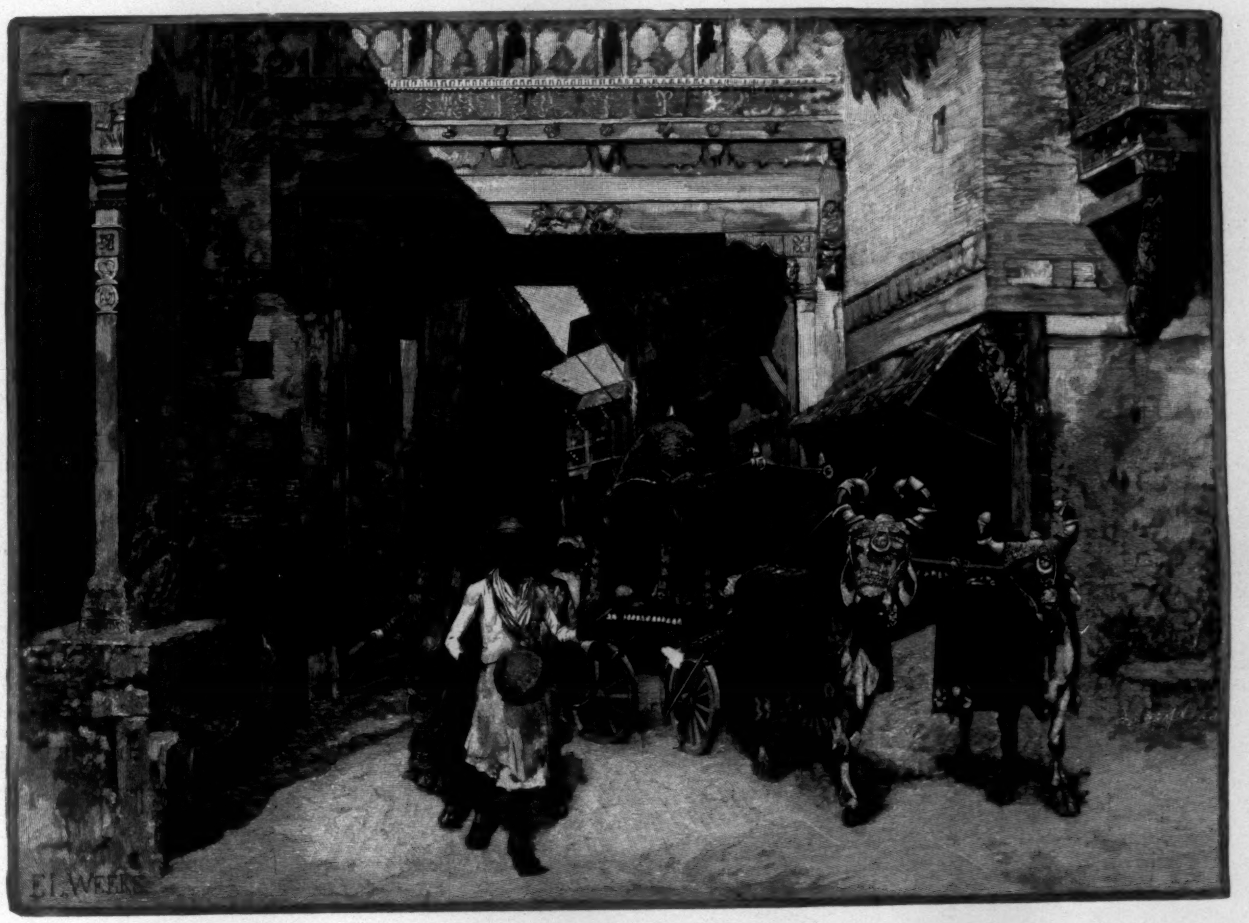
* In 1877 the Queen was proclaimed Empress.—TRANS.



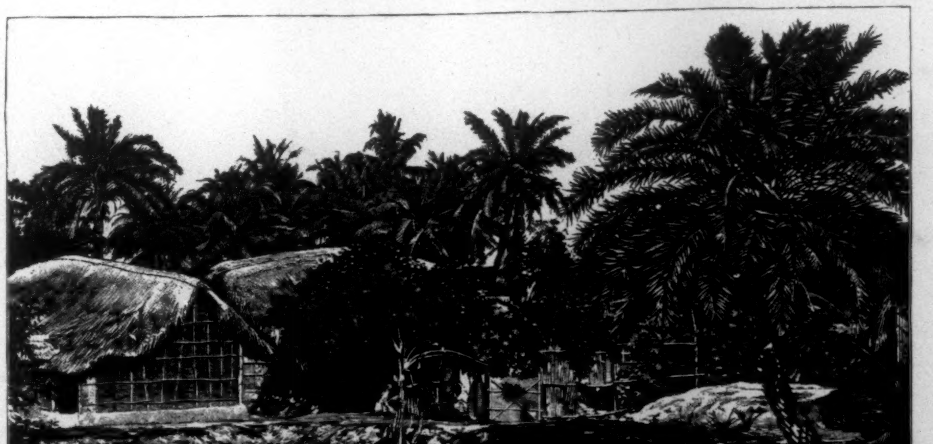
AN INDIAN CART.



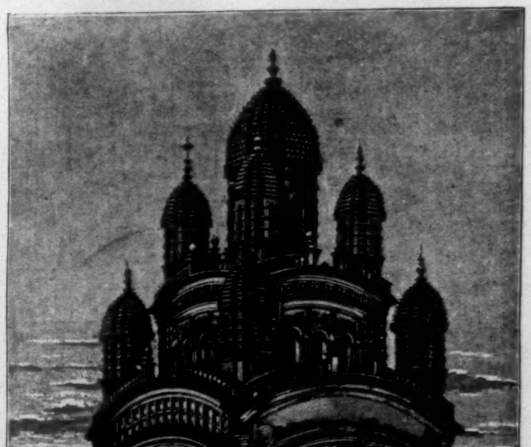
SERPENT-CHARMERS.



A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN CALCUTTA.

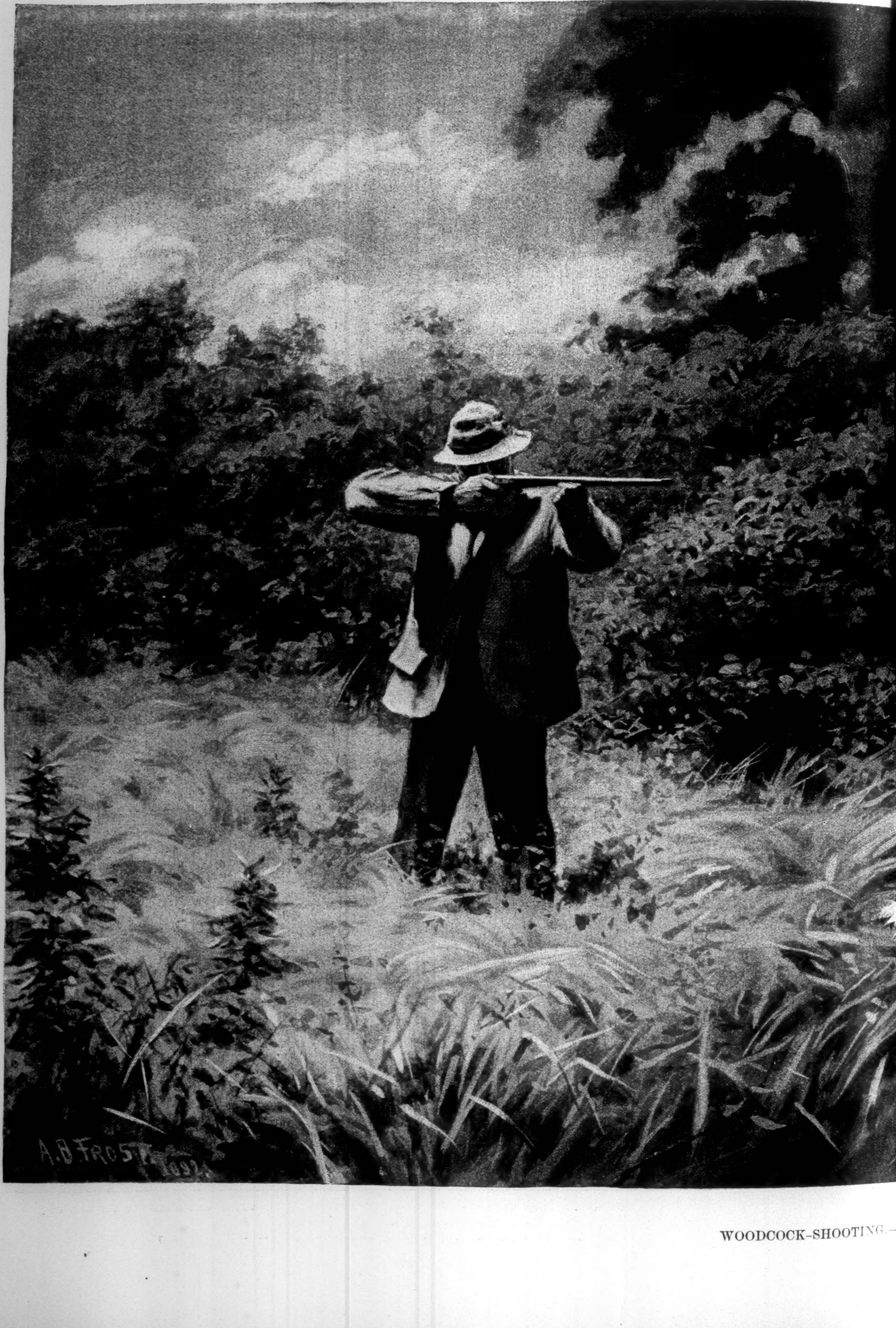


PART OF THE BLACK TOWN.

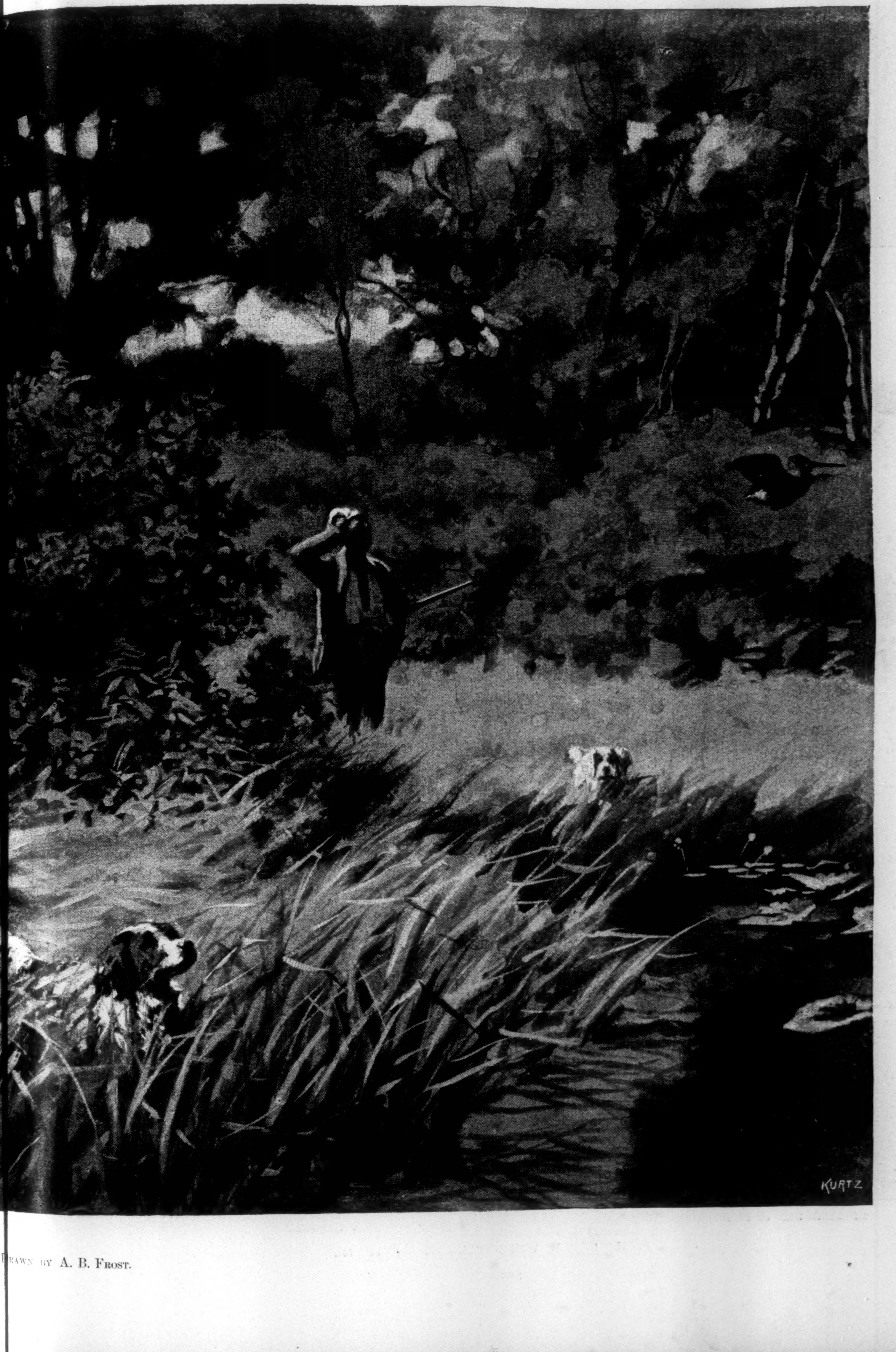


TEMPLE OF RAMNATH, OR THE KALI GHAT.

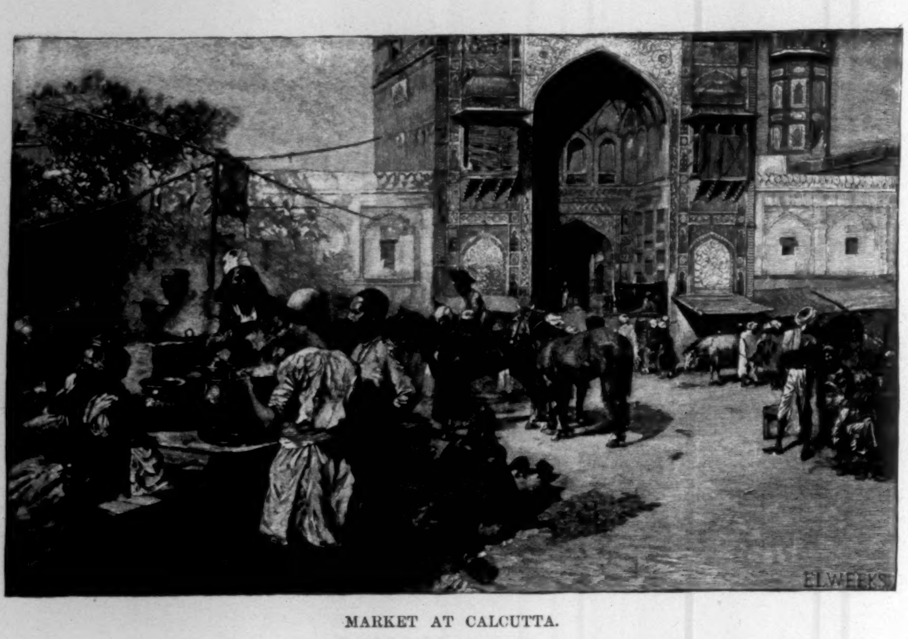
THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD—CALCUTTA.—[See Page 862.]


A.B. FROST 1891

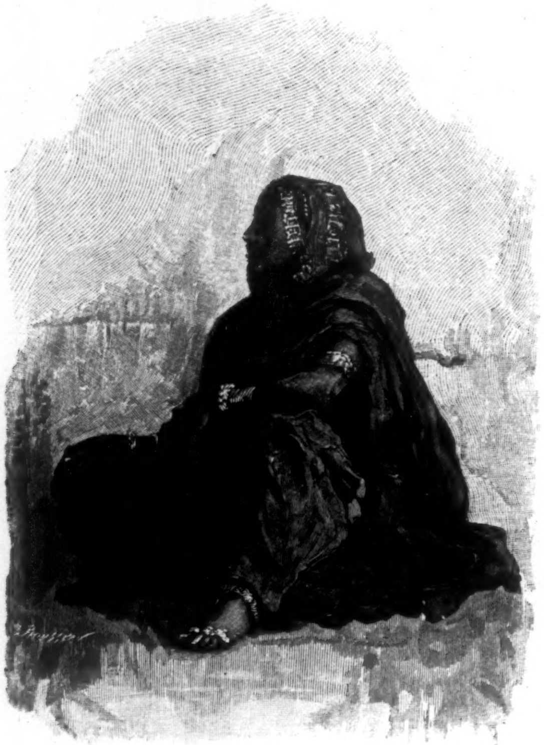
WOODCOCK-SHOOTING.—



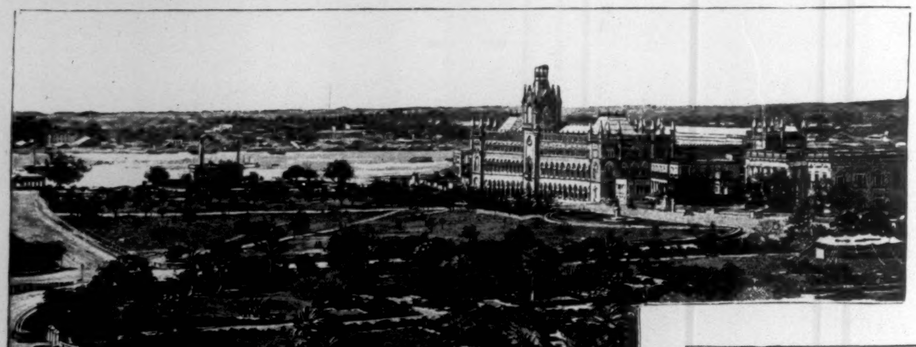
Drawn by A. B. Frost.



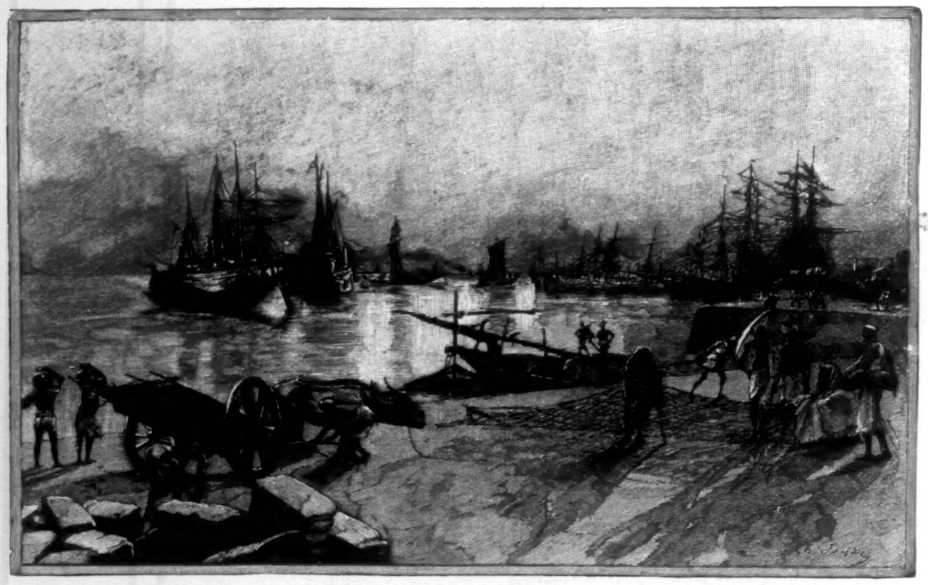
MARKET AT CALCUTTA.



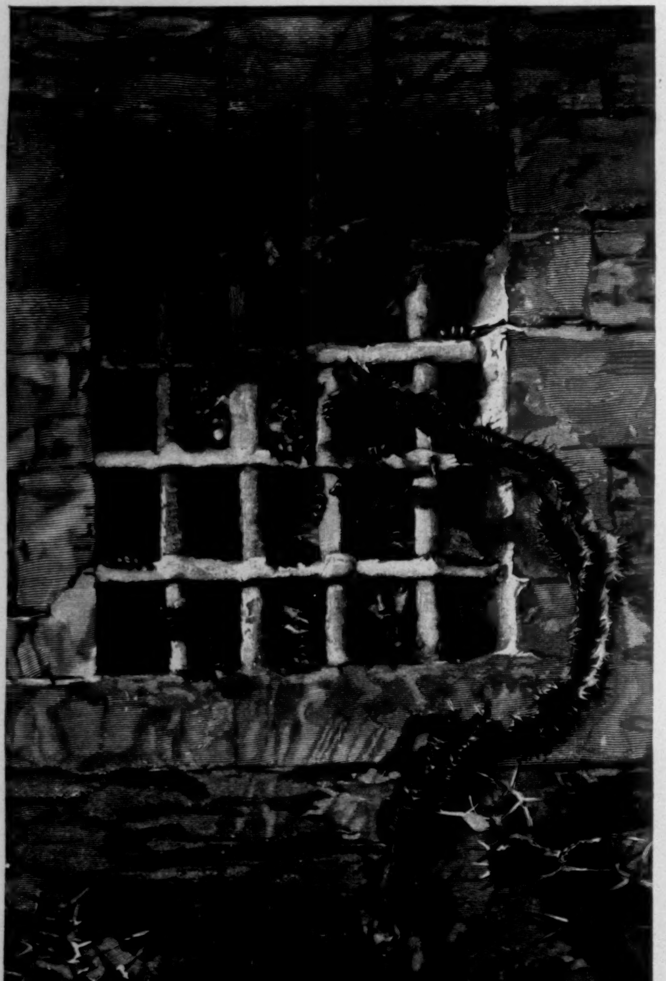
AN INDIAN WOMAN.



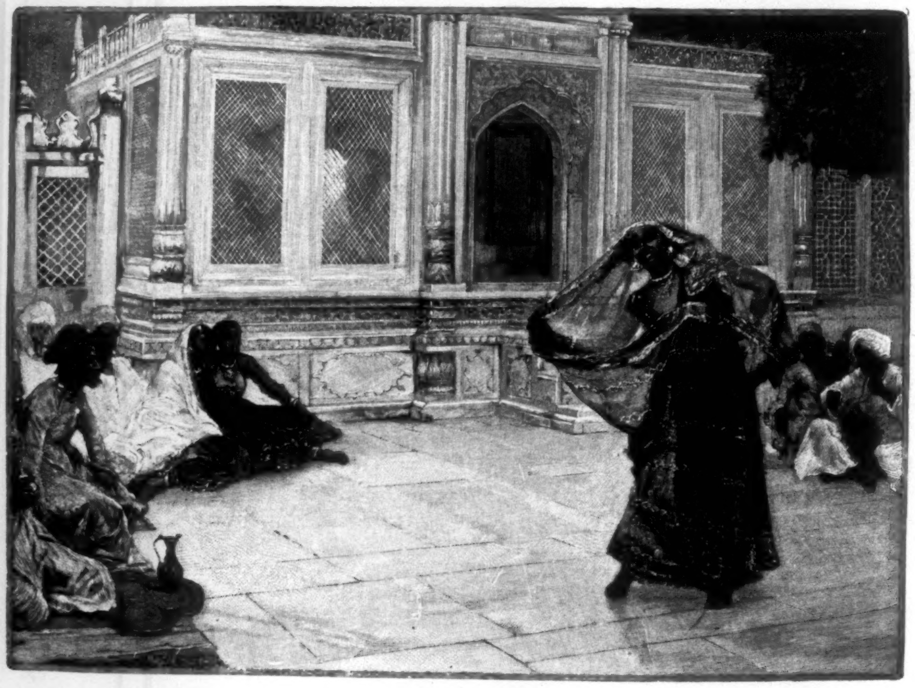
THE SUPREME COURT OF JUSTICE.



THE PORT OF CALCUTTA.



THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA.



A BAYADÈRE.

THE CAPITALS OF THE WORLD—CALCUTTA.—[SEE PAGE 862.]

signs for their public buildings—Pseudo-Greek for secular buildings, Pseudo-Gothic for ecclesiastical ones. Anglo-Greek and Indo-Gothic styles have a quaint effect beneath a tropical sky; but the architect has at least any amount of space at his command, and though vastness of proportion is not necessarily an element of beauty, there is something striking about it. On the Chowringhee Road, opposite the wide Maidan Esplanade, sixty palaces alone occupy a frontage a mile long. Commonplace, cold-looking, and monotonous, these great buildings have nothing attractive about them but their size; they are the one tropical emanation of an art which may be characterized as doubly spurious, in that it was alien to the soil from which it was borrowed. Travellers who have seen St. Petersburg are reminded of it at Calcutta, which is also not unlike the new Vienna which has sprung up in the last ten years, or perhaps Buda-Pesth, but without its glorious background of mountains. Nowhere is the passionless strength of the British genius better illustrated than at Calcutta. "Let there be palaces," said the Wellesleys, and there were palaces. They forgot to add, "Let there be artists"; and had they said it, the powers even of a Governor-General are limited in all that relates to the spirit.

Nevertheless, these palaces, which are all exactly alike, are not altogether without interest, for nearly every one of them has some historical memory connected with its columns or hidden beneath its foundations. In them, after all, is centred all the interest of Calcutta, all that makes it worth while to visit the city; for the merchants of the East India Company, least poetic of men though they were, lived, as did Napoleon I., through one of the most wonderful romances of the century, and, more fortunate than the Emperor of the French, their romance has outlived them. We will, then, with our reader's permission, trace this romance as we go up the course of the river.

I will take it for granted that we have without accident, passed the mouth of the Hooghly, threading our way amongst the reefs and changing shallows encumbering it, and which would puzzle any but a Calcutta pilot. There are some forty of these Calcutta pilots, men of marvellously keen vision, who by the color of the water or by the corrugation of passing wave detect a hidden danger which has sprung up but the night before, and who follow day by day the ever-changing caprices of the estuary. We skirt along the island of Sagara,* that classic ground of the Bengal tiger, which island disappears for three-quarters of the year beneath the waves of the gulf flung over it by the prevalent southwest winds. In spite of this long submergence, Sagara is the most frequented resort in India of pilgrims from every quarter. For here it is that the bride of the terrible Siva, to whom, under the name of Kali, so many victims have been offered, the fair Ganga,† finds rest at last in the bosom of the ocean after her furious rush across the whole world from her mountain home in the Himalayas, where under the name of Parvati, or the mountaineer, she had passed her girlhood, and whence she was summoned by the prayers of Bhagirutha. As she swept across the island her touch restored to life the sixty thousand sons of Sagara, who had been burnt to ashes by Vishnu. The waters of the Ganges, sacred everywhere, are doubly holy and powerful here, and he who bathes in them is cleansed from all his sins, as were the sons of Sagara, and, like them, he is born anew to everlasting life. In January of every year some hundred thousand pilgrims flock to the island, bringing with them fevers and cholera, and setting up their flimsy calico tents. Many of these pilgrims are quite old men, invalids at the last gasp; but it is supreme felicity to die bathing in the sacred stream, for it is to die purified from all sin, free from all dread of penalty for evil doing, and fresh temptations await ready to pounce upon you if you return to life after your submersion in the holy river.

After laboring for some fifteen hours on the sea of mud which has formed the delta of the Ganges, and after having passed Tamluk, which was the chief entrance port of the river two thousand years ago, you at last approach Calcutta, the towers, spires, and masts of the shipping of which, thanks to the windings of the river, you see long before you reach them. On your left stretch what were still a few months back the gardens of the King of Oude. In 1865 the then Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, on pretext of the young king's misconduct and inexperience, declared his dominions annexed to the British crown, and sent him to live at Calcutta, with a pension of fifteen lacs of rupees a year, "a seventh part of the revenues of the country." The people of Lucknow rose in arms in defence of their prince; and his mother, the venerable Begum, went to England to try, in vain, to rouse the sympathy of Parliament and people in the cause of her son. Disappointed, she retired to Paris, where she died from cold on a bitter January day. Meanwhile the young monarch, finding it impossible to govern any longer with the help of his buffoons, musicians, and dancers,‡ consoled himself for his lost crown by making a splendid collection of wild animals, which was long the greatest delight of the children of Calcutta.

On the other side of the river the Botanical Garden forms a worthy *vis-à-vis* to the menagerie of the late king. Founded in 1786 by General Kyd, and enlarged by a series of able botanists, from Roxbury to Hooker, whose names are well known to science, this garden has become the nursery from which nearly every horticultural society of Europe has received its best examples of tropical vegetation, whether useful or ornamental. Jacquemont, on the eve of his botanical pilgrimage across Hindostan, was able in six weeks to make acquaintance in the Calcutta Botanical Garden with every vegetable growth of India. And not only is the flora of Hindostan represented here, but of the rest of the tropics; that of Africa, of Oceania, and of America flourish in the open air as in their native soil.

Near the palace of the King of Oude the vessel skirts the so-called Garden Reach, a series of gardens and villas stretching away to Calcutta, and really forming its one beauty. This Garden Reach is the Passy or Richmond of British India, and here too begins the maritime city, the floating town, with its sails and masts draped with flags, gleaming and quivering in the brilliant sunshine on every side. Here it is that the French merchant vessels anchor, and a little higher up are the fleets of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, the richest and most powerful maritime association in the world.

The port of Calcutta extends for ten miles along the Hooghly, with moorings for 170 vessels. The river is nearly a mile in width, but the channel itself is not 300 yards across—scant measure for the 2000 vessels of different kinds and 250 ocean steamers which come and go in the course of the year and for the 4000 river craft plying constantly to and fro. We pass the docks, leaving on our right the mouth of the Tolli, which leads to the temple of Kali, and we land at the Prinseps Ghat, the steps of which go down to the river close to Fort William. Prinseps was an employé of the East India Company, who, with no particular education and no scientific training, deciphered the old alphabets of India in his leisure hours, and was, in fact, the pioneer of discovery in Sanscrit literature. He belonged to a period already becoming remote, when the agents of the company were free to study the history and moral life of India, and were not forbidden to use their scientific acumen. That acumen was, indeed, more than once turned to very good account; but an official who should take such a liberty nowadays would be sharply reprimanded by her Majesty's government.

Fort William abuts on the river on one side, whilst the other three overlook the wide open space known as the Maidan, or plain, which is bounded on the west by the Hooghly, on the east by the lofty aristocratic-looking houses of the Chowringhee Road, and on the north by the Esplanade, on which are the palatial Government House and the best residential mansions of Calcutta. The fort, which is the most important stronghold of India, occupied sixteen years in building; it cost £2,000,000, and 10,000 men would be required to man its defences. So far, however, not a shot has been fired from any of its 600 cannon, and it was not needed even in the great mutiny. For years 2000 men and one battery of artillery have formed its whole complement of defenders. At the entrance commanding the river rises the Gwalior Monument, erected by Lord Ellenborough when Governor-General, in memory of the officers and soldiers who fell in the campaign of 1843, when Sinde was conquered and annexed. It is a monument of very ill omen for the officers of Fort William, for the victory of Maharajpur was one of those in which the generals had more cause to be proud of their soldiers than of themselves. Lord Ellenborough and his court, officers, ladies, and all, had come in grand state, mounted on elephants, to assist at the defeat of the enemy. The first charge of the Mahrattas altered the character of the *fête*. The English officers lost their heads, but their sepoys, without troubling themselves about their leaders, rushed upon the enemy. The Mahrattas, as badly led as the invaders, but quite as energetic, went on firing as long as there was a gunner left. At the end of the day it was found that the sepoys were victorious, and Lord Ellenborough, to quote Marsham's *History of India*, vol. iii., p. 265, "won his spurs on the field, and was seen moving about with the greatest intrepidity amidst a shower of bullets, distributing money and oranges amongst the wounded."

On the east and south of the Esplanade is the Race-course. Take care you are not surprised on it either by the mid-day sun or the cyclone, which now and then devastates Calcutta. The traffic of the Maidan is concentrated at the entrance to the Chowringhee Road, and between the fort and Esplanade Row. Here are situated the various monuments, which dot the vast open space, set up in memory of one or another of the high functionaries who have from time to time administered the government of India, and who have been converted into great men by the very simple artifice of the erection of statues in their honor, a device worn as threadbare here as in Paris. Some inscriptions in the Macaulay style, though, alas! they were not written by Macaulay, complete the transformation. India is a country where it is not at all necessary to do great things in order to become a great man, for circumstances are there so malleable that good-will is all that is needed to turn them to account. You need not stop to look at the statues of Lord Auckland, Lord Hardinge, the Earl of Mayo, and Sir William Peel, who were highly born gentlemen, but nothing more. Outram, the Bayard of the East, is more interesting, for he was a man of the highest honor. The men who made British India, from Clive to Lord Dalhousie, were rarely troubled with any delicate scruples, and even those of the most Christian, nay, even of the most Puritan, sentiments—perhaps, indeed, these more than any—followed the simple rule, the rule of a Napoleon or a Bismarck: "Might makes right." But Outram was an exception; he refused to help in the spoliation of the Ameers of Scindia, the treatment of whom is one of the worst blots in the British administration in India; and, rare instance in the military annals of the country, he would not touch his share of the booty. Foley, the artist of the statue of Outram, inspired by his recognition of a true hero, has produced a lifelike work of art, contrasting forcibly with the tame productions amongst which it is seen. Outram is represented on horseback, dashing forward, sword in hand, but looking back towards his men, whom he is cheering on to the assault. A little distance off is the solitary column, crowned by a tower—dwarfed in appearance by the desert surrounding it, but from which a fine view is to be obtained—tardily erected in grateful memory of Sir David Ochterlony. This hero, the pacificator of the Goorkhas, who were such indomitable adversaries of the British, died of grief, after fifty years of faithful service, which began almost with the first years of British power in India, in disgrace with the government of Calcutta because he cherished a loftier idea of what the honor of his nation required than did the officials of his time.

Along the quay, between the fort and the Esplanade Avenue, are the Eden Gardens, named not for Paradise, but after the sisters of Lord Auckland, whose family name was Eden, and who was Governor-General half a century ago. A band plays here every evening, and not far off is the inevitable cricket-ground, for the English must play cricket wherever they are. In the evening light the Esplanade resembles the Champs Élysées, or perhaps rather Hyde Park, with the picturesque addition of the brilliant coloring in the costumes of the native servants, and the palanquins, the turbaned *sirdars*, the *baboos* in their white robes, their napkins on their arms, or humble *bahisties*, who fling the contents of their leathern bottles upon the many-hued flower beds, and lastly the bald-headed *arghalis*, or vultures, perched with solemn mien upon the tops of the buildings. There they remain with the grave air of herons or of marabouts absorbed in meditation on the follies of the world, till all of a sudden they swoop down in furious flight upon some offal they have detected with their keen little red eyes, and which they gobble down into the bags hanging beneath their chins, that are capable of indefinite expansion. The arghalis are the unpaid scavengers of Calcutta, and enjoy a monopoly of their horrid trade; they are, moreover, an example of the high teachings of practical morality, showing that the most profound philosophy is compatible with a decided appetite—a lesson confirmed by the example of their brother arghalis of the Anglican Church, or, to mention others of inferior degree, the Munchis, the Baboos, or the Kulins, who are priests, and the Kayaths, who are scribes.

The arghalis are particularly fond of perching in numbers on the walls of Government House, the palace of the man who for five years was the incarnation of the terrible and irresistible power which the natives designate as the *Sarkar*. The Sarkar is, in fact, the government, with the addition in the native mind of the indefinable something, so mysterious and so fatal, which the word calls up in the minds of French peasants, intensified in India by the native belief in the *avatar*, or incarnation of the deity in some material form. The Sarkar, in providing for itself a habitation, did not erect a classic building, although Government House was built by Lord Wellesley, a man of powerful intellect and a taste for the magnificent. His architect, a Captain Wyatt, merely followed the plan of Kedleston Hall, in Derbyshire, a beautiful country house built for Lord Scarsdale by Robert Adam, who, with his brother James, achieved a distinguished reputation at the beginning of the present century, and who were the architects of the Adelphi Terrace, the screen of the Admiralty, London, and the Register House, Edinburgh, in which they endeavored, not very successfully, to revive Greek forms. Government House has four wings; and the central building, to which a grand double staircase leads up, is crowned by a fine dome. Here live the Viceroy and his court; here sits the legislative body; hence are issued the decrees which annex kingdoms, set up and dethrone princes, ruin or enrich provinces, alter the administration of districts occupied by millions of human beings; but, above all, it is here that balls are held, here that evening dress is worn, champagne is drunk, and all those scenes of the social comedy are enacted which have such an irresistible fascination for the multitude all the world over, and are perhaps more keenly interesting here than anywhere else beneath the sun. The Viceroy's palace contains more tame and lifeless statues than there are even on the Esplanade, and all the Governor-Generals are there, from Lord Wellesley to Mr. John Adam, from the Marquis of Hastings to Lord Teignmouth. It is rather startling to find amongst the statues of the Viceroys portraits of Louis XV. and Maria Leczinska, with the busts of some dozen Roman emperors; but perhaps these were trophies of war brought over by some French vessel a century ago.

West of Government House, and nearer the river, are the Law-Courts, housed in a Gothic building erected between 1870 and 1872, on the model, it is said, of the town-hall at Ypres.

Round about the viceregal palace are grouped all the important government offices, the Doric Town-hall, the Bengal Bank, and the Mint, all rising from the side of the river. In Dalhousie Square, on the site of the original Fort William, is the huge Post-office, in front of which is a slab marking the scene of the Black Hole tragedy. Opposite to the post is the telegraph office. There is nothing to tempt us to go through all these imposing buildings, which are all exactly alike; nor are the Anglo-Gothic cathedral and the lofty churches much more attractive. Their value is purely historical, and the monuments and epitaphs in them will become important some day when the student is anxious to get at the truth about the origin of British India. A drive along the Chowringhee Road and the neighboring streets will be enough to give you a good idea of the City of Palaces. The private houses, in spite of their being all so much alike, are not without charm, the charm always attaching to an Anglo-Indian bungalow, with its wide airy verandas, its long low wings, and, above all, the masses of verdure in which it is buried. When you remember that but a century ago all these wealthy quarters were virgin forests, the home of the wood-nymph Aranyani, wearing a mantle of fever, and followed by her court of tigers, you will be compelled to do homage to the wonderful energy of the Anglo-Saxon race. In spite of its inevitable harshness and egotism, a strength of will so triumphant and so pregnant of results almost amounts to genius, and is near akin to virtue.

II.

Great indeed is the contrast between the White Town and the Black Town. Calcutta has been defined as a foreground of palaces with a background of pigsties. The Black Town stretches away to the north and east of the White, and is an accumulation of *bastis*, or villages of mud huts. If the White Town of Calcutta is wanting in character, still more is this the case with the Black, for the latter is but the outcome of the former, and it has therefore no scope for originality. This is the same with all the huge agglomerations which spring up about the European settlements in India, and is as true of Madras and Bombay as of Calcutta. No doubt many *mandars* and many *musjids** are needed to meet the religious requirements of four hundred thousand Hindoos and two hundred thousand Mussulmans, but not one can be called a work of art, except perhaps the mosque in Dharmtola Street, built by Prince Ghulam Mohammed, son of Sultan Tippoo Saib, as an inscription records, in gratitude to God, and in memory of the Honorable Court of Directors who gave him the arrears of his pension in 1840. What would the Tiger of Mysore think of this mosque and its inscription if he could look down upon it from the paradise where brave men go after death?

Fever and cholera were at one time chronic at Calcutta, but the municipality has done wonders for the sanitation of the Black Town, opening out wide avenues and excavating a perfect net-work of sewers, extending over a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, which, with the help of pumps, and even of railways, convey all the refuse of the metropolis to the Salt Lake. The gradient on which Calcutta is built is altogether bad, and the town was originally exposed to all the malaria and foul emanations from the river. The police will not now permit the flinging into the sacred stream of the bodies of the dying or the dead, and entrance to paradise is made more difficult to their souls, whilst travellers going up the Ganges lose all the picturesque horrors which were once to be seen on its banks. Corpses are now only burnt at certain of the ghats. Hindoos are no longer free to die where they like, and to poison the air for the living, and they perhaps regret the loss of this privilege more than that of any other.

The Calcutta Bazar has none of the beauty or magnificence of that of Stamboul or of Benares. The capital has no art of its own, and is but a mart for foreign produce. Its one manufactory is of thoroughly European character, and the industry it represents has increased so rapidly that a suburb, known as Howrah, containing two hundred thousand inhabitants, has already sprung up on the other side of the river. The hideous chimneys of this factory are already making a kind of Manchester on the banks of the Ganges. It is here that the jute fibre is prepared for making sacks for the export of cereals, and the machinery is kept at high pressure to supply the ten million hundredweight required for the foreign market. At Kosipur, above Calcutta, is a cannon foundry.

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* This island is named after a mythical king of Ayodhya, or Oude, who figures in the Ramayana.—Trans.

† Ganga signifies the female element of nature, and many are the poetic myths connected with the life story of the mother of all things. Of these myths, the most beautiful is given in the grand epic poem of the Ramayana.—Trans.

‡ The author of this account, after saying that Lord Dalhousie annexed Oude on *pretext* of the young king's misconduct and incapacity, himself endorses the indictment against the dethroned monarch by this and the following sentences.—Trans.

* *Mandar* signifies temple, and *musjid* mosque.—Trans.

It is in its intellectual and political activity that the interest of the Black Town is concentrated. The Hindoo of Calcutta does not represent an ancient tradition, for he is but a thing of yesterday, called into being by the foreigner, and he represents an altogether novel phase of thought, which is gradually making itself felt, and is the chief characteristic of what has been dubbed Young India. Young India is the more or less Europeanized Hindoo. The supple mind of the Bengalese could not long remain impervious to the influence of daily contact with the European cast of thought, and all Hindoos are more or less affected by that contact. A European education, the study of the classics and of contemporaneous literature, of ancient and modern history, and of the natural sciences, could not fail to have results on every stratum of society, and culture has filtered down from the university to every class, awaking aspirations and ambitions previously unknown. A new society has sprung up, of what may be termed Anglicized Indians, which society, alas! is not always recruited from the *élite* of the native population; the higher castes, who cling to their traditions and retain their pride of race, are generally faithful to the culture of the past. The masses who make up Young India are not attached to European civilization by any sense of its superiority or by intellectual curiosity, but in search of remunerative appointments. To get one of the inferior situations under government which are open to native baboos it is necessary to be able to speak and write English, and every one anxious to secure thirty rupees a month in some office rushes to the universities and public schools. Three hundred candidates for a place worth some two pounds ten a month! And what becomes of the two hundred and ninety-nine who fail and can no longer live the simple natural life of their forefathers? They must die of hunger or swell the ranks of politicians, and they choose the latter alternative. Proud of the superficial knowledge they have acquired, and primed with European catchwords, the meaning of which has long since faded away, they form a huge unclassed mass uncommonly like the lower middle class of Europe—as noisy, as unreasonable, as narrow-minded, and, in some rare instances, as disinterested as those with which we are all familiar, with the difference that the formulas they are so proud of are borrowed from the traditions of an exotic civilization, and that for them there is a wider gulf than ever between the letter and the spirit. What they aim at is, in truth, neither national independence nor local autonomy under the English protectorate; it is simply access to the higher administrative functions and political domination over other castes, with the English army at their backs.

But a generation should be judged not by the average, but by the *élite*. The average is always egotistical and mediocre; the *élite* alone show us of what a race is capable, and many glorious examples prove that the result of the fusion of the European and Indian spirit is not always necessarily an inferior product, reproducing the faults of both races, but is now and then a creation of noble originality. Although thus far the fusion has produced almost exclusively politicians, journalists, and advocates, who are mere parodies of their third-class European congeners, it has in some few instances aroused the purest, noblest, most disinterested ambition in some noble soul, and resulted in the going forth of apostles of a new religion, whose aim is to purify Hindooism of its cruel practices and superstitions, and to unite in one common faith Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Europeans. These apostles belong to the noble body known as the Brahmo-Somaj, or assemblage of Brahmists; and the founder of the new, or, to be more strictly accurate, the reformer of the old, Brahminism, was the Brahmin Ram Mohun Roy (Rāma Mohana Rāi), who, looking upon Brahminism as a corruption of the primitive monotheism revealed in the Vedas, and forgotten or ignored by the faithless interpreters of those sacred books, endeavored to found, or, as he himself thought, to re-establish theism in India.* His disciple and successor, Devendra-Nath, in obedience to the master, sought in the Vedas for the confirmation of the Theist doctrine, and, to his horror and dismay, failed to find it there! He had to choose between reason and the Vedas; he elected for reason, and flung the Vedas overboard, founding the so-called Brahma-Dharma, a purely natural religion, and opening the doors of the church to every one without distinction of caste.

An apostle was now urgently called for, and one appeared in the person of Keshub Chander Sen, of fascinating eloquence, thoroughly imbued with European culture, and with all the fervid imagination of an Oriental, who converted into a religious body what had been before but a philosophical sect. He broke with Devendra-Nath, who was too timid, and though he repudiated the doctrines of Brahminism, was yet conservative of many of its practices, and struck a blow at the two most crying evils of Hindoo society—the marriage of children, and the perpetual widowhood of girls who had lost their husbands in early youth. For the first time in India a religious movement was marked, not by lifeless mysticism or by debauchery, but by a reform of manners and by a new reverence for humanity Missionaries went forth to spread the good news throughout India, and in 1876 there were already one hundred and twenty-eight communities which had adopted the new creed.

Unfortunately, Keshub Chander Sen was unfaithful to his mission His success turned his head From enthusiasm he launched into the troubled waters of ecstasy, thought himself inspired, and, as is the fatal tendency in India, from an apostle he became a god. Abandoned by the more sober-minded of his followers, he founded the new dispensation, the so-called Navavidhana, the believers in which reconciled the claims of Vishnu and of Christ, not, as did the Brahmists, by showing that the moral teaching of both was the same, but by a mystic union in one incarnation. The founder of the Navavidhana died in 1886, at the age of forty, just as he was entering on this new phase of his career. Its powerful leader gone, Brahminism relapsed into a purely negative condition, and now, even in Calcutta, its cradle and headquarters, it counts no more than five hundred adherents. But the strength of a religion is shown less in the number of its actual professors than in its influence on the masses, and on movements not apparently within the actual sphere of its influence. The reform of the marriage customs, and through it the reform of family life and the whole of Indian society which originated with Brahminism, have extended beyond the ranks of the members of that sect. It was a Parsee, one Malabori, who was the true successor of Keshub Chander Sen, and his enthusiastic and obstinate crusade has brought about a very unexpected result, for not only has the religious question been brought before the general public in England, it has also been forced upon the consideration of English statesmen, who are always unwilling to interfere in any way with matters of conscience and belief.

Before leaving Calcutta, and with a view to taking away with us a fresh and favorable impression, we must make a pilgrimage to the suburb of Maniktola, on the Bhagmari road, where died, at the early age of twenty-two, the poor little Toru Dutt, the only poetess India has produced in the present century. She belonged, to some extent, to France, for she lived in that country for some years when quite a young girl, translated the French poets, wrote a romance in French, and loved France with all her heart. Perhaps at Bhagmari you will be able to identify her favorite *casuarina*, or cassowary-tree, as it is popularly called, to the wind in the branches of which she loved to listen.

But it is time to quit Calcutta, and it is not one of those towns from which one tears one's self with regret, as the Viceroys of India know well, for they stop in it as little as possible, only remaining for the four months of the rainy season, when the weather is cool and dancing is going on. For six months of the year the government is in retreat at Simla, on the heights of the Himalayas, some two hundred miles from the capital. The tradesmen of Calcutta protest in vain against this exodus, which is their ruin. There is nothing about the stifling heat and fevers of Lower Bengal to attract the Viceroy or his suite, and if the agitation on the subject should succeed in destroying the prosperity of Simla, it will not benefit Calcutta, but some other younger and better situated town, such as Bombay, which is on the coast opposite to Europe, or fresh and breezy Poonah, the town on the seven hills. Calcutta has been the capital for more than a century, which is a long time on an alluvial soil such as that of Bengal, where everything changes at the humor of the waves. The English were unable to set up a monument on the field of Plassey, where Clive founded the British Empire in India, for the Ganges has swept into the sea the scene of the victory, and it now aids in obstructing the estuary of the capital. Trade struggles in vain to open out new fields of enterprise here, and before one hundred years have gone by the huge capital will, perhaps, have swelled the ranks of the dead cities, and be numbered with Goa, Parmija, and Moorshedabad. The exodus to Simla does but predate the justice to be dealt out by the river. I know a traveller who, after passing three days at Calcutta, had nothing to put in his note-book but: "CALCUTTA, former capital of British India. In accordance with an ancient custom, the Viceroy returns to it every winter for the dancing "*

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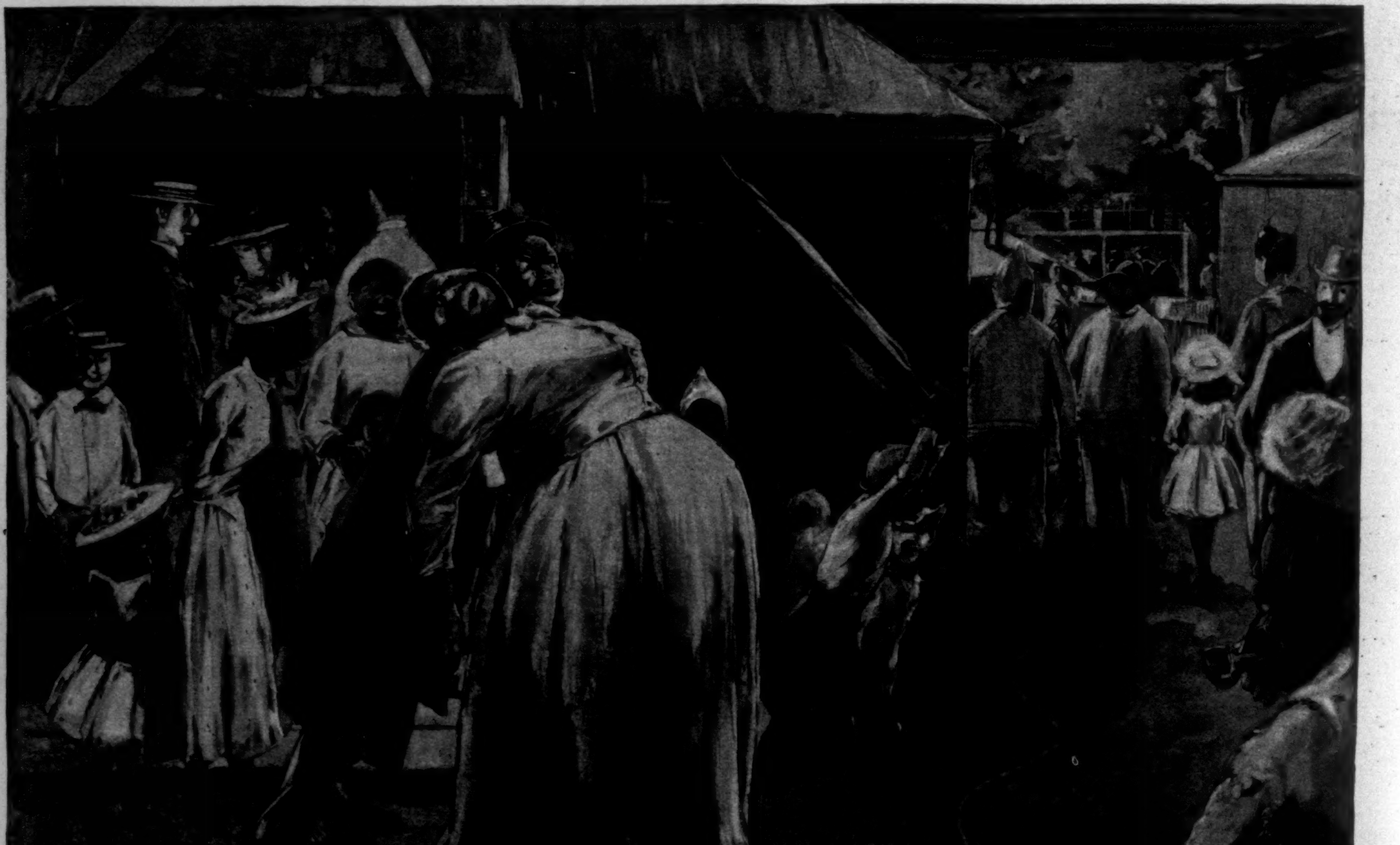
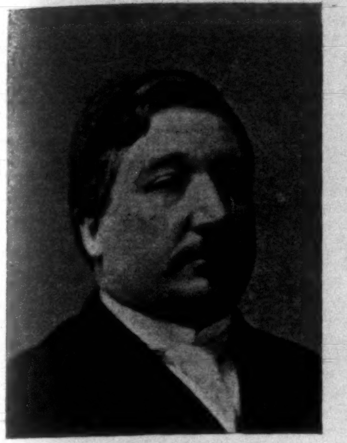
* To quote Collet's *Brahmo Year Book*, p. 5, "The Brahmo-Somaj, or theistic church of India, is an experiment hitherto unique in religious history."—TRANS.

* Lemerre: *Lettres sur l'Inde.* 1888.

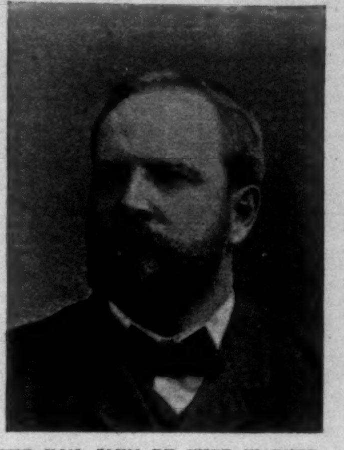


COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY IN THE ESQUIMAU VILLAGE.

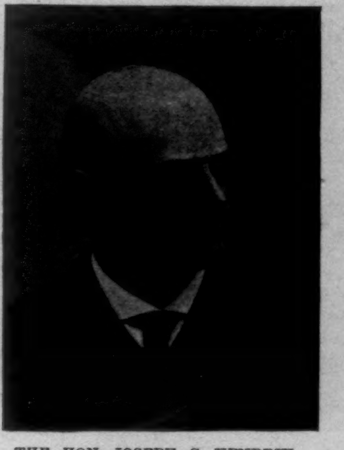
MRS. JOHNSON (*catching sight of the dog-whip*). "MY LAN', EZ, HIT'S ER SNAKE GOT LOOSE! CALL DE COLUMBUS GUA'D!"



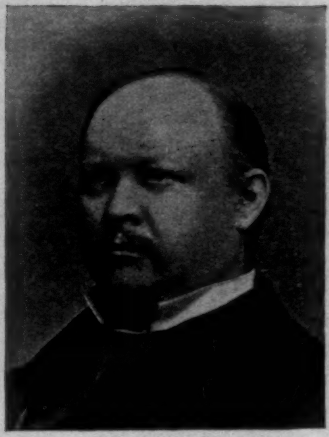
THE HON. W. BOURKE COCKRAN,
From New York.



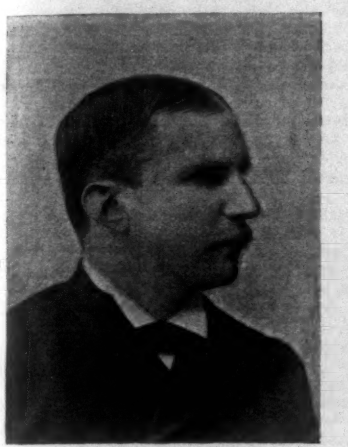
THE HON. JOHN DE WITT WARNER,
From New York.



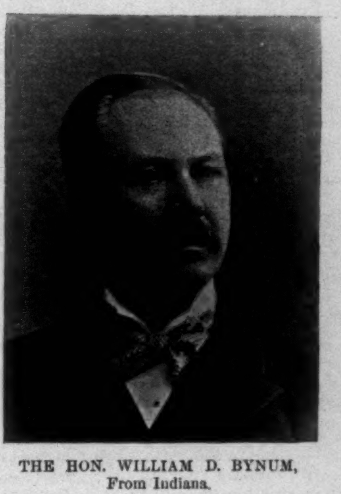
THE HON. JOSEPH C. HENDRIX,
From New York.



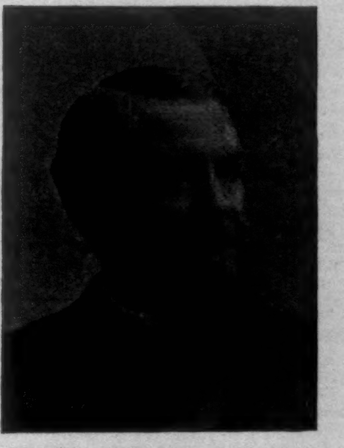
EX-SPEAKER THOMAS B. REED,
From Maine.



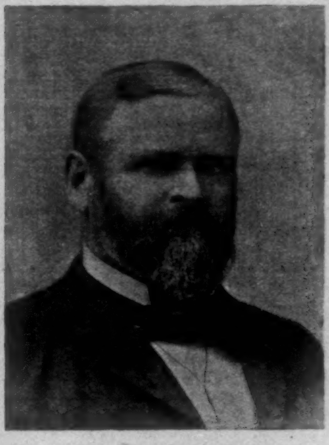
THE HON. ISIDOR RAYNER,
From Maryland.



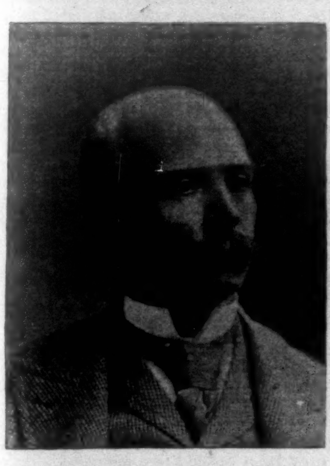
THE HON. WILLIAM D. BYNUM,
From Indiana.



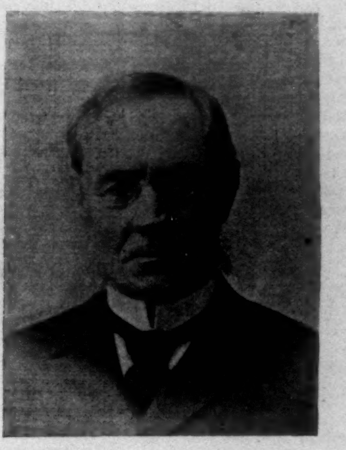
THE HON. THOMAS C. CATCHINGS,
From Mississippi.



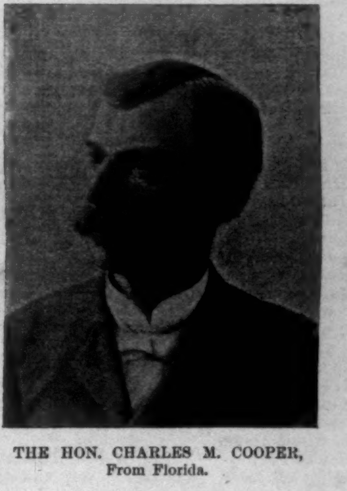
THE HON. J. C. BURROWS,
From Michigan.



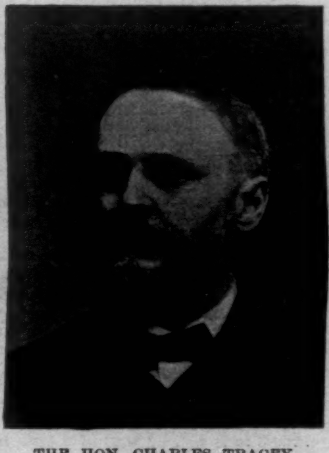
THE HON. MICHAEL D. HARTER,
From Ohio.



THE HON. WILLIAM EVERETT,
From Massachusetts.



THE HON. CHARLES M. COOPER,
From Florida.



THE HON. CHARLES TRACEY,
From New York.

FRIENDS OF THE PUBLIC WELFARE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

From Photographs by Bell and Others.

THE BATTERY.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

WHEN Hendrick Hudson came sailing into the mouth of the river that thenceforward was to be known by his name, on that September day in the year 1609, almost the whole of what now is called "the Battery" was under water at high tide. And it is a fact—notwithstanding the thundering of guns which has gone on thereabouts, and the blustering name that the locality has worn for more than two centuries—that not a single one of New York's enemies ever would have been a whit the worse had the tides continued until this very moment to cover the Battery twice a day! Actually, the entire record of this theoretically offensive institution—whereof the essential and menacing purpose, of course, was that somebody or something should be battered by it—has been an aggregation of gentle civilities which would have done credit to a rather exceptionally mild-mannered lamb.

Most appropriately, this affable offspring of Bellona came into existence as the friendly prop to a still more weak-kneed fort. For reasons best known to themselves, the Dutch clapped down what they intended should be the main defence of this island upon a spot where a fort—save as a place of refuge against the assaults of savages—was no more than a bit of military bric-à-brac. Against the savages it did, on at least one occasion, serve its purpose; yet had even these attacked it resolutely they must surely have carried it, since each of the Dutch governors has left upon record bitter complainings of the way in which it was invaded constantly by cows and goats who triumphantly marched up its earthen ramparts in nibbling enjoyment of its growth of grass. When the stress of real war came—with the landing of the English forces in the year 1664—the taking of this absurd fort was a mere bit of bellicose etiquette: a polite changing of garrisons, of fealty, and of flags.

Later, when Governor Stuyvesant very properly was hauled over the coals for the light-handed way in which he had relinquished a valuable possession, his explanation did not put the matter in much better shape. "The Fort," he wrote, "is situated in an untenable place, where it was located, on the first discovery of New Netherlands, for the purpose of resisting an attack of the barbarians rather than an assault of European arms; having, within pistol-shot on the north and southeast sides, higher ground than that on which it stands, so that, notwithstanding the walls and works are raised highest on that side, people standing and walking on that high ground can see the soles of the feet of those on the esplanades and bastions of the Fort."

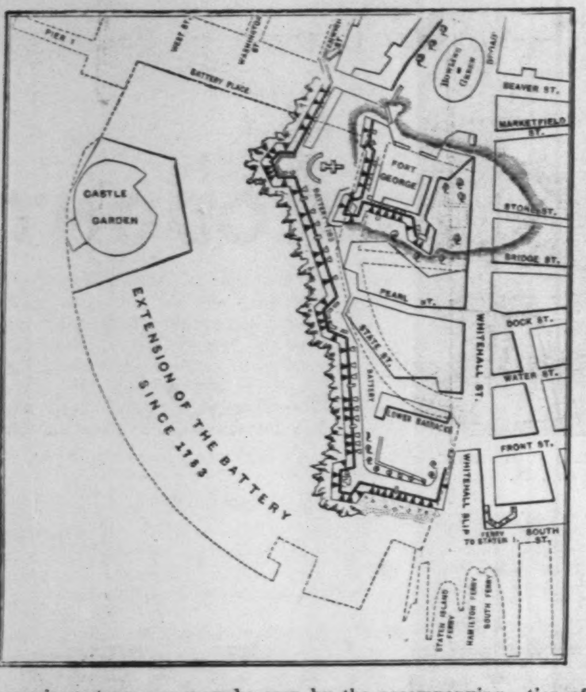
Having themselves so easily captured it, the English perceived the need of doing something to the Fort that would enable them to hold it against the Dutch in the probable event of these last trying to win it back again. The radical course of abandoning it to the cows and goats and building a new fort upon higher ground—on, for instance, the high bluff above the river-side where Trinity Church now stands—would have been the wisest action that could have been taken in the premises; but the very human tendency to try to improve an existing bad thing, rather than to create a new good thing, restrained them from following out this one possible line of effectual reform. Raising the walls of the Fort was talked about for a while; until Colonel Cartwright, the engineer, put a stopper upon this suggestion by declaring, in effect, that taking the walls up to the height of those of Jericho would not make the place tenable. And then, after more talk, the decision was reached that to build a battery under the walls of the Fort would be to create defences "of greater advantage and more considerable than the Fort itself": whereupon this work was taken in hand by General Leverett and carried briskly to completion—and from that time onward the Battery has been part and parcel of New York.

The amount of land that then constituted the Battery was trifling: as is shown by the statement in Governor Dongan's report to the Board of Trade (1687), "the ground that the Fort stands upon and that belongs to it contains in quantity about two acres or thereabouts." The high-water mark of that period would be indicated roughly by a line drawn with a slight curve to the westward from the foot of the present Greenwich Street to the intersection of the present Whitehall and Water streets. All outside of this line is made land which has been won from the river, the greater part of it within the past forty years, by filling in over the rocks which fringed this southwestern shore.

This primitive Battery was but a small affair, loosely constructed and lightly armed. As to its armament, the report of the survey ordered in the year 1688 contains the item: "Out the Fort, under the flag-mount, near the water-side, 5 demi-culverins;" and its inherent structural weakness is shown by the fact that only five years after its erection—that is to say, in 1689, when Leisler's righteous revolt made the need for strong defences urgent—its condition was so ruinous as to be beyond repair; wherefore it was replaced by "a half-moon mounting seven great guns."

As the event proved, this half-moonful of guns would have satisfied for almost another century all that might have been (but was not) required of artillery in this neighborhood. But the times were troublous across seas; and the Leisler matter had proved that questions of European abstract faith and concrete loyalty might exercise a very tumultuous and dismal influence upon American lives. And so the prudent New-Yorkers, about the year 1693, decided to bring their water-side defences to a condition of high efficiency by building "a great battery of fifty guns on the outmost point of rocks under the Fort, so situated as to command both rivers," and, incidentally, to defy the world.

In the mere planning of this nobly defiant undertaking there seems to have been gained so comforting a sense of security that its realization was not arrived at for nearly half a century—as appears from Governor Clarke's statement (1738): "There is a battery which commands the mouth of the harbor, whereon may be mounted 50 cannon. This is new, having been built but three years, but it wants finishing." In the course of the ensuing thirty years—possibly even sooner—the finishing touches seem to have been supplied; at least, the Battery is shown as completed on Ratzen's map of 1767; and it is certain that these defences were in effective condition while New York was held by the English during the Revolutionary war. Indeed, during the Revolutionary period the Battery really was a battery of



some importance: as may be seen by the accompanying plan, showing a line of works extending from the foot of Greenwich Street along all the water-front to Whitehall Slip. But what made the Battery harmless at that, potentially, most belligerent period of its history was precisely what has made it harmless throughout the whole of its kindly career: the absolute absence of an enemy at whom to discharge its guns.

When the Revolutionary war was ended the nonsensical Fort at last was demolished—which was good riddance to amusingly bad rubbish—and with it the Battery went too. Why this last was razed is not at all clear. Unlike the Fort, it was not in anybody's way, and it was not a military laughing-stock. On the contrary, it occupied an otherwise unused corner of the island, and so well commanded the entrance of the East and North rivers that it was saved from being deadly dangerous only by the persistent absence of a foe. Indeed—in theory, at least—it was so reasonable a bit of fortification that when we went to fighting with England again, in the year 1812, it immediately was built up anew. During that period of warfare, of course, nothing more murderous than blank cartridges was fired from its eager guns; but there it was—waiting with its usual energy for the chance to hurt somebody which (also as usual) never came!

Meanwhile there had been set up in this region another military engine of destruction which, adapting itself to the gentler traditions of its environment, never came to blows with anybody, but led always a life of peaceful usefulness that is not yet at an end. This was the Southwest Battery: that later was to be known honorably as Castle Clinton; that still later was to become notable, and then notorious, as Castle Garden; and that at the present time is about to take a fresh start in respectability as the Aquarium.

It is not easy to realize, nowadays—as we see this chunky little fort standing on dry ground, with a long sweep of tree-grown park in its rear—that when it was built, between the years 1807 and 1811, it was a good hundred yards out from the shore. Its site, ceded by the city to the Federal Government, was a part of the outlying reef known as "the Capske," and when the fort was finished the approach to it was by way of a long bridge in which there was a draw. The armament of this structure was twenty-eight 32-pounders, and when these went banging off their blank cartridges in salutes, and clouds of powder smoke went rolling down to leeward, there was not a more pugnacious-looking little fume of a fort to be found in all Christendom.

The Battery Park, or Battery Walk, as it indifferently was called, of that period was a crescent-shaped piece of ground of about ten acres—being less than half the size of the Battery Park of the present day—which ended at the water-side in a little bluff, capped by a wooden fence, with a shingly beach beyond. Along the edge of the bluff the earth-works of the year 1812 were erected, and were neither more nor less useful than the wooden fence which they replaced. However, what with the grim array of guns lowering over the earthen parapet, and the defiant look of the obese little fort, the New York of that epoch must have worn to persons approaching it from the seaward—being for the most part oystermen and the crews of Jersey market boats—a most alarmingly swaggering and dare-devil sort of an air.

Yet was there a cheerful silver lining to these dismally black clouds of war. In his admirable monograph upon "New York City during the War of 1812–15," Mr. Guernsey writes: "In the summer of 1812 there was occasionally music after supper, at about 6.30 P.M., at the Battery flag-staff," which "stood at the southeast end of the Battery parade, and was surrounded by an octagon enclosure of boards, with seats inside and a roof to shelter from the weather. Refreshments and drinks were served from this building, and a large flag was displayed from the pole at appropriate times." Never, surely, was there a more charming exhibition of combined gentleness and strength than then was made: when the brave men of New York, night after night, gallantly invited the beautiful women their fellow-citizens to partake of "refreshments and drinks" close beside the stern rows of deadly cannon, and beneath the flag to defend which, as the women themselves, they were sworn! In all history there is no parallel to it: unless, perhaps, it might be likened to the ball and the battle of Waterloo—with the battle left out.

Even the New Yorkers of that period—whose infusion of Dutch blood still was too strong to permit them easily to assimilate ideas—could not but perceive that as a place of recreation, where refreshments and drinks could be had to a musical accompaniment, the real use of their pseudo-Battery at last had been found. Out of this rational view of the situation came the project—formulated soon after Castle Clinton was re-ceded to the city, in the year 1822, upon the translation of the Federal military headquarters to Governor's Island—to make over the fort into a place of amusement; which project was realized, and Castle Garden came into existence, in the year 1824. From that time onward, through all the phases of its variegated career—as concert hall, place of civic assembly, theatre, immigrant depot, armory—the building at least has been able to account for itself on grounds whereof the mere statement would not, as in the days when it was pretending to be a fort, instantly excite a grin.

With the departure from Castle Clinton of the last of its 32-pounders went also the last vestige of an excuse on the part of the Battery for retaining its Sir Lucius O'Trigger of a name. But in that region, fortunately, old names live on. There is the Beaver's Path and the Maiden's Lane, the first of which has ceased to be the exclusive property of beavers, and the second of maidens, for more than two and a half centuries; there is the Wall Street, whence the wall departed about A.D. 1700; and there is the Bowling Green, where bowls have not been played for well on toward two hundred years. With these admirable precedents to stay and to strengthen it in use, there is no fear that the name of the Battery soon will pass away. And even should the brave name be lost in the course of ages, still, surely, must be preserved always the gracious legend of those peaceful guns which never thundered at a foe.

THE PICKET FENCE.

BY L. B. BRIDGMAN.

It was a warm May morning, and the sun beat down with ardent suggestions of summer on the gray head of Samuel Clark as he bent laboriously painting his new picket fence. The pickets slowly assumed a dark red color under the trembling motion of his withered hands. As a fence it was beautiful, straight and even, cutting the greensward beyond into narrow parallelograms. The dark red was a rest to the eye in all that wilderness of green. Samuel Clark paused from time to time and looked at it, sighed, and shook his head. It was plain that he worked under protest.

"'Tain't no use," he mumbled. "Might jest as well have built this fence years ago." He rubbed the paint in with vicious vigor, partly to relieve his feelings, partly for the economy of the paint. "If a man can't run his own farm he might as well be dead—or a woman—a heap sight better be a woman. There ain't no way but their way. I ought to have guve up long ago."

It took him a long time to express so much. His words were separated by long pauses, and spoken in a voice at times scarcely audible; but the wind, softly fanning his gray hair, was gentle of hearing, and there was nothing else to listen.

His knowledge of women was not wide, but deep—deep and varied. One small woman, in her short eighty years, had held for him all the mysteries of her sex. She had died ere time had exhausted her infinite variety, and he, plodding away in the hot sun, felt her coercive presence very near. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead. His face wore a harassed, badgered look. Then, just to be sure that she still slept peacefully, that she was not listening to his complaining on the sly, he turned and sent a furtive glance down the straight row of apple-trees to where the orchard ended in a tangle. Beyond, a gentle knoll brought the village graveyard into sight. There stood her head-stone, tall and white, just as she had planned it years before. Long it had waited for the legend on its white surface to be finished:

Sacred to the Memory
of
MARY CLARK.
Died..............................
Aged..............................
"The wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The blank space was now filled:

May 1, 1891.
80 years, 10 mon., 6 days.

Samuel had looked at it approvingly the day after she was laid to rest, and declared it "a mighty pretty stone—so sort of peaceful." Yet now, not three weeks later, as he eyed it furtively, there was no approval in his glance. The sunlight was shining warm upon it, and flickering shadow leaves were caressing the grave. From the top of the shaft fell folds of weeping. Oddly enough, it looked to his dimmed eyes like herself, with her old shawl pinned around her head, all bleached to a dazzling whiteness.

"She needn't be a-peekin'," he mumbled; "I'm a-buildin' of it!" He turned again to the fence, working more slowly, for he was weary; more steadily, for he was watched.

When had he not been watched? From the day his young step-mother vowed to do her duty to "Little Samuel," the sense of being taken care of had weighed upon him.

His was a queer combination of authority and servility, obstinacy and docility. "Samuel is all right," his step-mother was wont to say, "if you jest come up on his deef side." For Samuel had a deaf side, and it was on that side that his servility and docility developed themselves. Authority and obstinacy had been born in him. He had not been born deaf, but it came to him when he was quite young, with its meek attendant handmaids. It had made him shy with strangers, halting in his speech, slow in his thought. And Mary Clark, born to protect and to rule, put her motherly arms around him, and protected and ruled him ever after; while Samuel, born to rule and to be served, chafed against her authority, but his dumb lips could not voice his protesting thoughts. It took him so long to frame and utter them that they were drowned ere half finished in a torrent of exclamations, among which was always the one he never had a chance to answer—"Well, Sam-u-el, what *are* you driving at, anyway?" He wished he were totally deaf and dumb and done with it. One sweet and daring plan—to run away—had brightened the monotony of his existence, but the great world of silence had always beaten him back. Against his will, he had grown into the habit of turning his eyes to her for interpretations whenever any one spoke, for she had cultivated a peculiar, distinct enunciation, which he could understand with comparative ease. What would he do when she was not near? This did not make him grateful, however. He *must* use her, and his silent rebellions were more fierce in consequence.

They were both old when Samuel's father died and left two-thirds of his small property to Samuel, and Samuel and the other third to her. She was not averse to this arrangement. She was willing that Samuel should have everything, if only she might manage it for him. She was anxious to labor, to slave for him. All she asked for herself was to be followed, to be obeyed implicitly—for the follower's own good. And, lo! the day after his father's funeral Samuel, the grave, the silent, began to assert himself—and that with long-latent stubbornness. He had long ago learned from his father that man is divinely constituted to be obeyed and served. Even his mother, that wonderful, capable woman, had obeyed her husband.

Samuel commenced the new régime by taking his father's place at the head of the table before she told him to. He also put two spoonfuls of sugar in his tea, instead of one, as was his custom, and absolutely refused to eat bread with his sauce. Moreover, he met her look of astonishment with a defiant grunt, and his little gray eyes gleamed in a way that showed he had made up his mind. He would be boss in his own house. He took sauce twice.

Mary Clark felt the foundations sinking beneath her feet. She, too, had been counting on a season of freedom. She scraped some butter from the piece of bread she was eating, and remarked, as if thinking aloud (she had to think very loud in order to make Samuel hear): "The old gather together; the young scatter. Father's gone, an' ther's no tellin' when all he's slaved an' dug for all these years will be gone too—scattered to the four winds of the earth!"

She sighed, and, with eyes fixed prophetically, gazed on the wastefulness of the future. Samuel, the spendthrift, stirred his tea. The death of his father had turned certain speculations of his into absolute knowledge. He had lived in a quiet corner of the world, where Nature for the most part took her course unmodified by seemingly alien forces. Severe storms and pestilence were unknown there. Death was usually as the dropping of the sear and yellow leaf. The blade, the ear, the full corn in the ear, and the harvest. It was thus that the monarchs of the forest fell and the young saplings stood. It was thus that his father had died. It was thus that she would go at last, and he would be free. Evidently she had not thought of this. He had best remind her.

"Life's unsartain. All got to die some time. Best be ready," he said, in a cheerful tone.

This was the beginning of a long struggle. Each occupied ground that was impregnable, and a retreat to their fortresses ended most of their skirmishes for the time.

Then Samuel Clark reminded his mother, scarcely ten years his senior, that she was old, and must soon die, and *then* he would wear his best clothes, rent his farm, and board in town, or travel. Her only defence was: "Yes, Sam-u-el, but I hope to be able to lay you away first. You know, Sam-u-el, you're deef, and you'd be cheated out of your eye-teeth. I hope to be spared as long as you need me, Sam-u-el."

And Samuel, who knew what this kindness and care meant, was not softened. He knew it was true—his deafness and the ability of the world to cheat him. Dearer than himself was his little property, which he so longed to enjoy in his own way. He felt powerless, yet impotently wielded his one weapon. "All got to die. The old die first." In his thought the flower of youth was yet to bloom for him.

As to the picket fence, it seemed to Samuel that she had always wanted it. Given a passion for flowers, a firm faith in the economic value of chickens, and no picket fence, the result is easily imagined. Mary Clark's husband had considered flowers a sinful waste of land and labor. What were door-yards for, if not for the chickens? And Samuel felt that in order to be the man of the house he must clothe himself as with armor in the opinions of his father. He could not remember the summer when flowers had not bloomed around the door; and that they might do so, his youth had passed in a wearying chase after chickens. When he had become old enough to go to the fields, generations of brindled dogs had worn out their lives in the same occupation.

Like his father, Samuel abhorred a blossom that was not harbinger of an edible fruit. Apple blossoms were beautiful to him because of the apple to follow. They were more beautiful after the petals had fallen, revealing the round green ball at their base which dispelled the fear of a barren pistil. But he had grown accustomed to the flowers in the door-yard. He would have missed them had they failed to appear. He would have missed those vigilant skirmishers, the chickens, had they been limited to a space of their own. He would have missed the persistent reminders of his mother that "If that there fence was only built—!" and his own unfailing antagonism. Perhaps he would not have liked to miss any of these things.

"I tell you what it is, Sam-u-el Clark, all I want is to get you away long enough, and I'll build that fence myself," she said at last, desperately.

"No tellin' what may happen before next spring," the old man crowed, his bleared eyes lighting. "Perhaps you won't be here by that time. Best be ready. All got to die. The old first."

"Well, Sam-u-el, if I die first, I don't expect no picket fence. There won't be any money to build it with, or any farm to build it on, inside a year. You know you're deef, Sam-u-el. They'll cheat you out of everything you've got."

"I'll risk it! D—— it! I'll risk it," yelled Samuel, with unusual vim. But this time he had gone too far.

"I *will* have that fence, so there now, Samuel Clark!" and that very afternoon she drove to town and ordered the materials. The next morning they came, and a man to make of them a fence.

Samuel eyed the work sullenly. His mother was silent but triumphant.

As Mary Clark stood in the shade of her apple-tree giving orders as to the distance apart and depth of the post-holes, a figure emerged from the house, and when she caught sight of it, was jogging rapidly down the road. It was a thin figure, not very tall. Its clothes hung loosely about it. Its hat was jammed down to its ears, and its gray hair flaunted out beneath the rim. Across its shoulders was a stout stick, at the aft end of which dangled a bundle. *She* had gone too far—also. Samuel was running away.

"Humph!" sniffed Mary Clark; "I bet that picket fence he'll be back to dinner."

But he was not. At three o'clock she ordered the work stopped, hitched her horse to the buggy, and started after him. She found him ten miles down the road, seated on a rail at the corner of a fence.

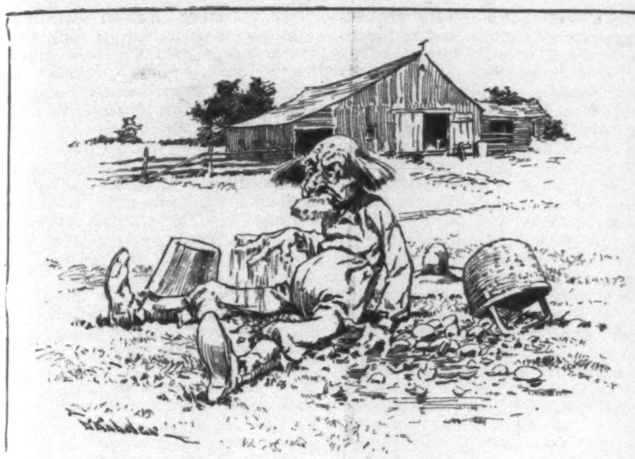
"Sam-u-el!"

No answer. He was staring straight before him with dull eyes. Perhaps he did not hear her. His face showed white through the streaks of dust. So lonely and hopeless he looked, it touched her to the heart. Little Samuel! Had she not vowed to take care of him? She climbed out of the buggy and went to him. She touched his hand.

"Why, Sam-u-el, you're cold! Get right in the buggy and come home!"

"I won't!" said Samuel, without looking at her.

"Well, you *will*—if I have to carry you!" She took hold



DOWN ON THE FARM.

of him. He seized the fence behind him and faced her with blazing eyes.

"You le' go o' me!" he yelled. Then he began to cry, and make terrible choking noises, as the dumb do.

"Sam-u-el, Sam-u-el! what's the matter with you? Have you plumb gone mad?" She shook him helplessly. "He's stopped workin' on the fence. I won't build it if you don't want it—there, now!"

Samuel's sobs became less frequent; then they ceased.

"Now, Sam-u-el, I want you to get right in an' come home. You'll have a fever first thing you know out in this hot sun—an' cold as you be, when you ought to be b'ilin'."

"Don't care if I am. Might jest as well, if I can't be boss on my own farm!"

He said it slowly, distinctly, pushing the words out. Once he would be heard, if he never spoke again. And Mary Clark, finding herself overreached, gave in with a very good grace. She, who always drove, insisted upon his driving home. Perhaps it shortened her life, for the next spring she died.

A few straggling flowers from last year's scattered seeds made a sickly showing against the brick wall. The chickens scratched at them viciously, and then sunned themselves on the door-step unmolested. Samuel missed her more than he would have dreamed possible.

"I wisht I had a-built her that fence. 'Twouldn't have cost much," he said, pretending to himself that he had opposed her in the cause of economy. Yet this mild regret could not lessen the sense of joy and elation that took possession of him. The feeling that he was at last really his own master grew stronger. But he was still very shy with outsiders. He wanted to rent his farm and be free to go where he would, but he was afraid to do business with any one; afraid he would commit himself before witnesses to conditions which he never heard—as she had so many times told him he would.

One morning Mr. Dever, a lawyer from Newark, who had always attended to their few legal affairs, stopped in front of the house and beckoned to Samuel.

"Good-morning, Samuel," he shouted. "I just happened to think when I saw you of a little paper down at my office. Sorry I was away three weeks ago. They say she went easy Eh? Yes. Glad to see you looking so well, Samuel. Well, that little paper, guess I'll have to read it to you. It's a will Mrs. Clark had me draw up. It isn't of any importance, but she wanted it done. Come down some time this week, and we'll look it over."

This was news to Samuel. A vague misgiving possessed him. A will? Why had she made a will? He felt as if a hand had reached out from eternity to rob him of his few years of freedom.

That very afternoon he called on Lawyer Dever, and listened to the reading of the will.

"'I do give and bequeath all my property, both personal and real, to wit, the northwest third (including dwelling-house and barns) of the northeast quarter of section 30, range 20, township 5, in Litchfield County, Ohio, known as "Clark Farm"; also two thousand dollars stock in Newark National Bank—to my beloved son, Samuel Clark; providing, he does build and maintain during his life a *picket fence* four feet high and painted red, to enclose the door-yard and clothes-lot lying west of the apple orchard; the same to be completed one month after my death.

"'Providing this is not built at the time specified, and maintained in a neat and respectable manner, I do leave all my property, both personal and real, all moneys, bonds, and stocks, to St. Mary's Orphan Asylum of Newark—except ten dollars, which I leave to my beloved son Samuel, with which to purchase a little remembrance of me.'

"There, that's the will. Sorry I've given you so little time to build the fence. Guess there ain't no hurry, if we don't say anything about it. What was the matter with the old lady, anyway? Why didn't she build the fence herself?"

But Samuel was staring helplessly at the wall. At last, "Will that hold?" he asked, tremulously.

"Why, you don't mind building the old lady a fence, do you? Of course it will hold, unless you break it, and I doubt if you could work that. You're not her own son, you see. And if you could, it would cost—well, the amount of the property. The St. Mary's would fight you, of course. Confound you, Samuel, why don't you want to build the fence?"

Samuel arose. Words—rebellious, protesting words—strove thick and fast for utterance on his stiff tongue. Their import was that he could never be boss in his own house, lord of his own person, keeper of his own soul. As he shambled out, his newly acquired youth fell from him and left him older than he had ever been, more withered, with a trembling which was new to him. Always, always, in one way and another, she had had *her* own way. It always would be so. The living might be thwarted, but the dead—

The will was certainly a great shock to his mind. When he reached home he slipped quietly to his room. Soon after he might have been seen stealthily leaving the house and pattering down the road, his stick and bundle over his shoulder.

Again he was running away.

It was late when he reached the fence corner, and long he waited, but no one came to coax him. At last when the moon rose he realized that no one would ever come; that the house might stand there for years and no one would know he had gone.

He reached home in the gray of the morning, and crept in, cowed, beaten.

It was afternoon when the painting was finished. Samuel Clark turned, brush and paint-pail in hand, and looked through the rows of apple-trees to her grave. It was in shadow now.

"If there's anything you want, jest toot for it, an' I'll get it *with* pleasure. You needn't be a-standin' there so meek like. You've had your own way."

A fragrant breeze drifted through the apple leaves, and their disturbed shadow upon her seemed like the swaying of those marble garments. But she did not turn around, as he feared; he could not see her face.

"I never said nothin'," he muttered, and with head bowed as to a yoke he tottered into the house.

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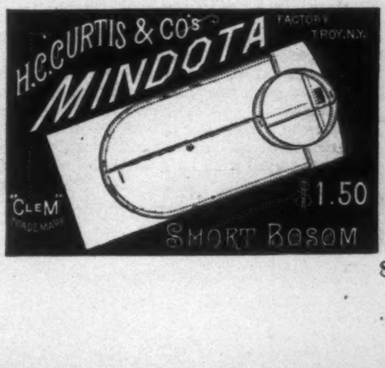

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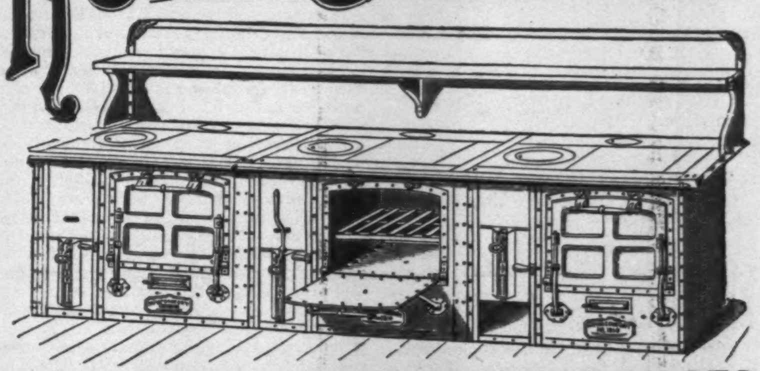

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PSYCHOLOGY AND COINCIDENCES.

BY JOSEPH JASTROW, PH.D.,

Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology in the University of Wisconsin.

THE proposition that the subject of coincidences is in some way connected with psychology would probably meet with ready consent, and yet it would be difficult to give a satisfactory reason for the relation thus firmly yet vaguely maintained. Doubtless the general identification of psychology with psychic research, and the interpretation of the latter as an attempt at demonstrating the supernatural, are in a considerable degree responsible for the prevalent belief. There is, too, the consideration that a large portion of coincidences deal with similarities of ideas and thought-habits, and thus come under the domain of the psychologist. The subject has recently been made prominent in connection with the attempt to prove the existence of other modes of thought conveyance than the recognized avenues of sensation; for with telepathy admitted as a legitimate working hypothesis, coincidences are at once resolved into commonplace applications of this convenient but unreliable form of mental communication. An allied train of thought has led to the endowment of presentiments and forebodings with mysterious predictive and veridical qualities. The most direct method of examining and illuminating these beliefs will consist in an exposition of the general point of view by means of which the problems involved may be interpreted and made significant.

It must first be recognized that the problem is primarily, though not wholly, a logical one, the question being how far certain personally interesting and impressive facts may be regarded as demanding an explanation other than the action of chance under favorable and fairly well recognized circumstances. The logician may be asked to determine, with proper reservations, what one ought to conclude upon the evidence submitted, and the psychologist has then to account as far as he can for the prevalence of actual beliefs. It may be well to begin by pointing out the subjective side of the question, the fact that one's liability to coincidences depends, among other things, upon the sum total of one's experiences and interests. Each man's world is as wide as his capacity for receiving impressions. An infinite number of events are constantly going on about us, only a small portion of which we observe and respond to. At the great Exposition now in progress the actual routes travelled by different visitors and the actual pictures photographed on their retinæ are not so very different, but how endlessly diverse their impressions and reports! One recognizes friends and acquaintances in objects as well as in persons where another sees only strangers or sees not at all. As in taking a picture the result depends as much upon the sensitive plate as upon the object to be photographed, so in sensation the result is a composite of the objective event and of the subjective capacity of being impressed.

From this we learn that what shall be recognized as a coincidence depends upon our experience, interests, and powers of observation; we learn to hesitate before claiming anything providential or miraculous, for the fact that half a dozen persons, one of whom is interested in horses, another in old pottery, a third in rare books, a fourth in practical inventions, a fifth in cases of extreme longevity, and a sixth in psychic research, should each find in the same morning's paper a most pertinent illustration of the precise topic each was discussing with a particular friend the evening before. The paragraph on horses may reach the bibliomaniac's eyes but not his mind; the ten-line notice of a rare edition, however, just fills a vacant niche in his mental structure. It fills it, let it be emphasized, because it is there to be filled.

Inasmuch as all sorts of events are constantly occurring, and all sorts of observers are constantly observing them, the doctrine of chance holds that special relations between them constituting a coincidence, not may, but *must* occur. It also maintains that such coincidences will be more frequent in simple every-day occurrences than in rarer ones, more frequent as the opportunities for the dissemination of information, for each one's coming in contact with other persons and things, are increased.

While the logician insists upon the necessity of fully exploiting the action of chance as regards coincidences before even remotely entertaining any other explanation, he is unfortunately not able to calculate how many coincidences of various kinds should occur as the result of chance action. Science is not composed of proof and demonstration alone, but to a considerable extent depends upon the exercise of judgment and what may be termed logical perspective. In such matters divergence of opinion is inevitable, and I must content myself with the record of the conviction that an authoritative majority of those qualified to weigh the evidence would deny the need of recourse to any explanation other than that of chance, and with this pass on to a consideration of some of the factors that are responsible for a contrary view. First is the tendency, already considered, to overlook the subjective factor in coincidences, the fact that they come to be and to be observed through the acquisition of interests, and not the least of the interest is in observing them.

Of almost equal importance is the tendency to exaggerate affairs of personal interest. While admitting the value of the theory as applied to cases in general, we are apt to regard our own coincidences as too peculiar to be thus explicable. The tendency is as natural as it is pernicious, and finds its corrective in an appreciation of what is meant by statistical regularity, and by the application of theory to practice, an appreciation that comes as the result of logical training and careful habits of thought.

We have further to notice the part that community of mental possessions plays in the production of coincidences. If each one's premises, and his manner of reasoning from them, each one's susceptibilities and motives were as individual as he is often inclined to maintain, then indeed the interpretation of coincidences as matters of chance would be less plausible. The tendency is strong to overlook the great body of common ideas and ways of thinking that we derive from a common inheritance, a similar education, allied occupations, social interests, co-operative ends, and to forget that these produce precisely the best conditions for startling thought-parallelisms, to which we give the name of coincidences.

Such are some of the considerations by which the logician attempts to determine the applicability of the doctrine of chances to a body of coincidences, and by which the psychologist attempts to account for the readiness to which recourse is had to an explanation other than chance. General considerations of this kind may not be as convincing as the beautifully clear and direct applications of bold but unwarranted hypotheses. They have the advantage, however, of harmonizing with and being the outgrowth of an important and mutually corroborative aggregate of facts. Coincidences will continue to have a fascination peculiar and legitimate, but like the games and toys of children that once formed the serious occupations of their ancestors, will find a place in the classification of knowledge less conspicuous than the one now claimed for it by ardent devotees of the occult.

FIRE DEPARTMENTS OF THE WORLD.

THE World's Fair Firemen's Congress which assembled in Chicago on Monday last is the third large convention that has met during the past year to discuss the best methods of dealing with outbreaks of fire and to exhibit improved apparatus designed for this purpose. The first of these meetings was held in St. Petersburg in June, 1892, and the second in London in the same month of the present year. At both of the foreign exhibitions there were displays showing the advances that have been made from the time of the old-fashioned hand-bucket down to the magnificent mechanism of the modern steam-engine, and our illustrations show some of the primitive methods as they exist at the present day in Russia and in Japan.

In a Russian village there is not even such an organization as we possess in this country in the small volunteer companies. In their stead is a log stable with thatched roof, containing an old-fashioned hand-pump and three casks mounted on wheels. These are kept filled with water, and each is drawn by a single horse. The horses are the property of the commune, and they are kept tethered outside the cabin, ready for duty at a moment's notice. A place is also set apart in the hut for the *muzhik* who serves as watchman, an office that is held, turn by turn, by the inhabitants of the township. The location selected for this cabin is as near as possible to the residence of the Pristav, or the district captain of police, and upon an alarm of fire he drives to the scene in his telega at the head of the procession of carts and peasants.

At the scene of the fire the figure in the foreground represents a monk with an *ikon* beseeching the saints to lend their aid, while the village priest, familiarly called the *bativshka* (little father), is consoling the families of those upon whom the affliction has fallen. And in rural Russia a fire is indeed an overwhelming calamity, for a peasant's entire wealth is in his cabin, his hay, and other inflammable property, and when once it is destroyed the loss is almost irreparable; for, unlike the American farmer, the Russian has no such luxury as a bank account. For this reason incendiarism is the form that vengeance and spite most frequently take.

In contrast with the small towns, the large cities of Russia have unusually fine engines and well-drilled departments; and the machine belonging to the St. Petersburg fire department, of which a picture is given, is entirely of Russian design and construction.

The evolutions of a country Japanese fire brigade, as shown in our illustration, are distinctly acrobatic, and while they are perhaps more picturesque than the manœuvres of a hook-and-ladder company, there can be no doubt as to the greater efficiency of the two. The means of extinguishing fires in Japan is the hand-pump with long bamboo levers and simple fire-buckets which are filled from large vats carried on poles by the firemen.

All the large cities of Europe have uniformed firemen, and are supplied with modern apparatus, that is being improved as rapidly as new inventions are made to perfect it. The International Fire Brigades' Exhibition and Tournament held in London in June last was the largest assemblage of its kind up to that date. The countries represented were America, England, Belgium, Russia, Italy, France, India, Portugal, New Zealand, Canada, and Australia. And in the competition it is gratifying to our national pride to note that America easily carried away the first honors. In commenting on the affair the *Graphic* said: "One of the most popular displays is that of the American team, and in point of time their performance could not be beaten. In somewhat less than a quarter of a minute from the clanging of the alarm-bell the horses are harnessed, the men are at their posts, and the engine out of the house, galloping towards the scene of the fire."

Our apparatus also came in for a share of admiration, and the writer continues: "But a more remarkable part of their performance is the scaling of buildings by means of a single-pole ladder curved at the end, which the fireman hooks into windows."

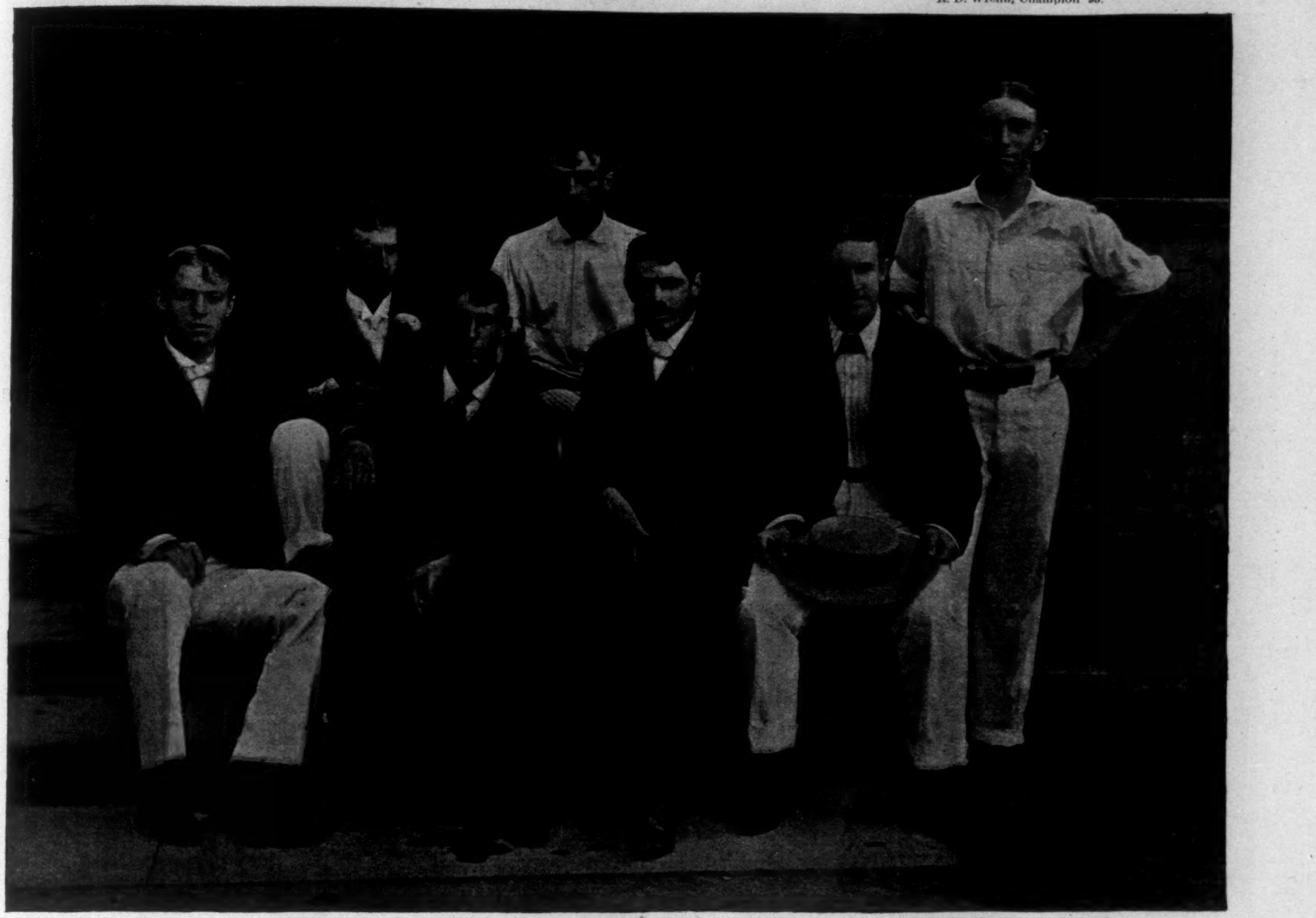
The Belgian and Portuguese departments were also commented upon as being especially good. In the United States six cities—New York, Chicago, Boston, Brooklyn, St. Louis, and Philadelphia—employ regularly on their fire service 4620 men, and the annual expense of the maintenance of the departments is $7,025,000. New York heads the list with 1100 men, followed by Chicago, 1000; Boston, 780; Brooklyn, 680; Philadelphia, 600; and St. Louis, 460. The expense is distributed as follows: New York, $2,225,000; Chicago, $1,400,000; Brooklyn, $1,000,000; Boston, $950,000; Philadelphia, $750,000; St. Louis, $700,000. Of late years the improvement in the service has been shown as much in the conduct and character of the men as in the superiority of the apparatus. And at the present time the word fireman is synonymous with that devotion to duty and implicit obedience to orders that marks the hero in every walk of life.

THE MISSION OF THE HUMORIST.

NEARLY all people fail to regard the humorist in a serious light, and if they do look at him without a smile they say he is no humorist. The world at large does not comprehend the self-sacrificing mission of the humorist, and refuses to recognize his disinterestedness. The humorist may toil for a lifetime, striving after his ideals, serving a high purpose, and then what reward does the world offer him? A chuckle, a grin, and that is all. The true disinterested humorist is not a rare being nowadays; there is an army of these unselfish missionaries, whose one idea in life is to make bright and happy the way of the many millions. They do not seek the reward of money. To give them money is like crowning a donkey with laurel—the beast eats the crown and the humorist spends his money on the instant. They do not know what money is; they laugh at it.

People like to regard the humorist as a sort of rare and diffident being, a little cracked on several subjects, which accounts for their ability to be laughed at and not retaliate. There are humorists in this world who, laboring in the cause of humanity, work through the night even until daylight, and then when they are wakened after two hours' sleep, and express a wish to rest longer, are greeted with such roars of laughter as to make sleep impossible. Other people think that is funny, and even laugh at the humorist's views on the subject, however forcible and strong they may be. Your real humorist seeks to banish sorrow and dispel dull care, and therefore plants his seed in fertile ground, producing happiness and joy. Yet the careless world says that his grain is only chaff, and all that he can raise is a laugh. The poor man is misunderstood at every turn in life. Doctors regard him as a fraud because he sends in no monstrous bill when he has banished sickness and raised the sufferer from his bed of pain. He sends forth his shaft of light, and it penetrates into hardened hearts, converting the miser, yet the check that is immediately forth-coming from the latter goes to the miser's second cousin, and not to the humorist. The after-dinner speaker, who is frequently mistaken for the humorist himself, forgets to give credit to the humble man who made it possible for him to exist, and the public, which attempts to mingle its Anglomaniacal tendencies with its feeble wit, invariably regards the humorist as an understudy for an undertaker.

It is extremely pitiful that such a condition of things should be; that an apostle of sweetness and light should not only be laughed at, but be absolutely misunderstood. The humorist hides his lights beneath several bushels, and essays the difficult task of making a name for himself anonymously. But it doesn't do. The kindly missionary to humanity may achieve something great in his meek and patient way, and the credit of it is given at once to Sidney Smith or Plutarch. Yet the humorist continues to exist despite the world, and to make men happier because he realizes his duty and bravely does it.



O. S. Campbell, Ex-Champion. R. D. Stevens. R. D. Wrenn, Champion '93.

Malcolm Chace. W. A. Larned, Intercollegiate Champion. F. H. Hovey, Runner-up. Clarence Hobart.

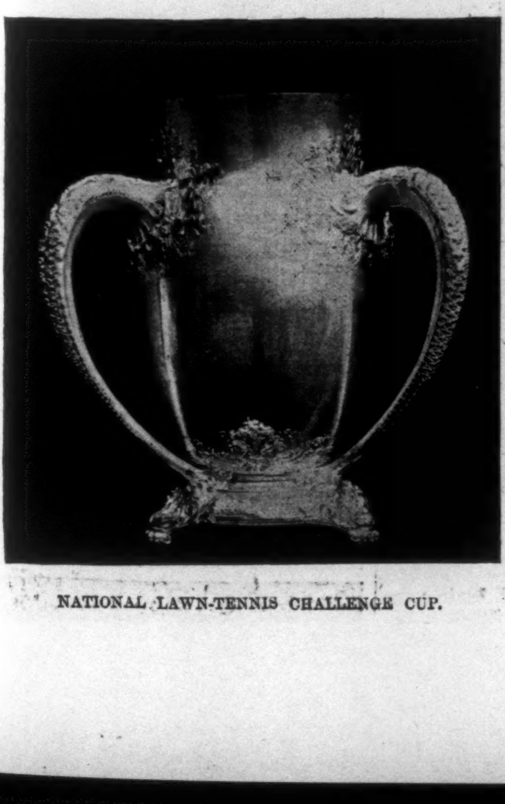
SEVEN OF THE TEN LEADING LAWN-TENNIS PLAYERS OF AMERICA.

The other three being V. G. and E. L. Hall and W. P. Knapp.

AMATEVR - SPORT

Whatever the first rounds of the national tennis championship at Newport may have lacked in surprises—a feature which seems to be necessary to every tournament—the last two rounds furnished in bewildering abundance. It was astonishing enough to see Hobart, who previous to last week had beaten Hovey every time they played, fall at last a victim to his own bad play and his opponent's clever net work; but to see Hovey beaten at his own game, and by R. D. Wrenn, a player who, though first class, has never been regarded the equal of either Hobart or Hovey, was quite the most astounding event of American tennis. Some one has remarked, we understand, that lawn-tennis is an uncertain game.

It was well for the record of the '93 championship that the last two matches were enlivening, else the tournament would have left rather a colorless impression. None in late years, since we have been able to muster enough players to lend interest to the rounds and uncertainty to the results, has been so filled with tame matches and mediocre tennis as the tournament just closed. Added to which, the drawings were unhappy enough to permit a couple of men in the semi-finals who would, under ordinary circumstances of play, have stopped short of the third or fourth rounds. It seems as if it would be fair and certainly more interesting to distribute the half-dozen leading players more evenly over the three sections of the tournament, rather than leave the matter entirely one of luck. It would not be impossible to roughly divide all entries, say, into three general classes, based on their alleged form, and then let the drawings begin on somewhat the same plan as now, with the difference that men of the same class would be more likely to meet, and the first players sure to be found in the last rounds of the tournament. This may sound Utopian, but it looks as if it could be arranged.



NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS CHALLENGE CUP.

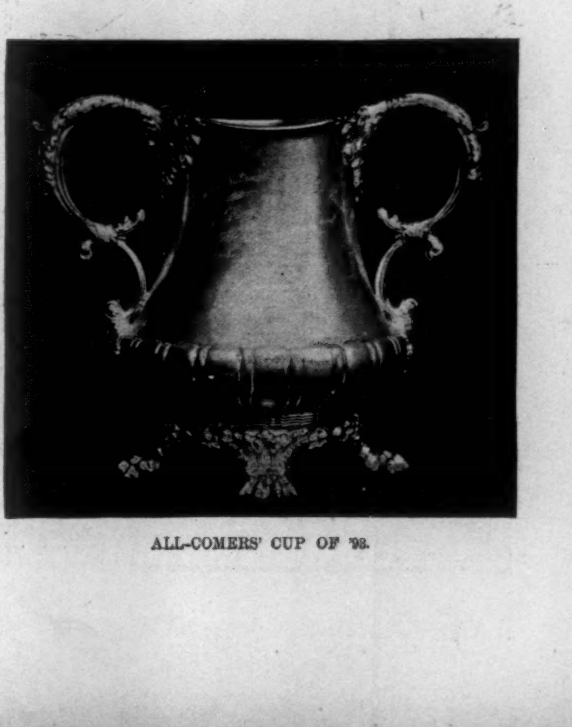
The greatest reform sportsmen want, however, is in the length of time the tournament is allowed to take. There is no reason whatever why it should not be decided within the week it is begun. Of course everybody knows that the Casino governors like to keep it as long as possible, being the chief bit of life on the grounds during the summer to attract custom to the restaurant and bar, and "society" too likes to detain it as an agreeable rendezvous in the morning. If the National Lawn-tennis Association considers the pleasure of the governors and "society" of more importance than the development of the game itself, well and good; its officers are pursuing the proper course; but meanwhile lawn-tennis is becoming a mere tail to the Newport kite, and not a game of healthful vigorous growth. There are very few people who are attracted to Newport by the tennis, and the number is growing less every year under the present order of things. The sportsmen who take a night's journey to see a yacht-race, football, baseball match, or athletic games, make scarcely a pretence at seeing this national tennis championship, chiefly because of the time it takes. While they might devote three days, seven and even eight are out of the question

The tournament lasts so long because the men play but one match a day, and the claim that they cannot do otherwise is all fol-de-rol. The plea that they are not able to play two hard matches in one day should be resented by every well-regulated American athlete. A match in the morning at ten and another in the afternoon at five would be easily within the limits of any of the players. The Englishmen do it right along throughout their tournaments, and they play a harder game than do we as an average, while our football-players prove that the American is not wanting in either endurance or pluck.

The fourth round of the tournament, the dullest of the week, instanced the absurd extent to which the rule may be carried. The fourth round went over until Friday because of rain, and every one of the winners with the exception of Wrenn had a practical walk-over, only occasionally there being a bit of interesting play. There was no reason why the winners could not have gone on with the fifth round in the afternoon; but no, they could not possibly stand the fatigue of two matches in one day, and the tournament dragged on into the next week in consequence. Tennis is not interesting enough to coquette with the public, whose lukewarm admiration may easily turn to indifference, and this is a case where the late Commodore Vanderbilt's famous epigram may not be used with safety.

The Hovey-Hobart match Monday morning, while our last issue was on the press, was generally believed to be really the crucial point of the championship. No one for a moment doubted the superiority of these two players over those remaining in the tournament, consequently the attendance was the best of a week that was much behind last year. With the exception of occasional brilliant rallies, the match between these two, currently believed to be the first two players, was poor tennis, and this was true particularly of the first set. There were two or three rallies where no better tennis could be seen, but as a rule the points were made more on the opponent's poor playing than on clever work. The number of points earned was comparatively small.

Hobart started the match well by winning the first game on good placing down the side lines, and on Hovey's returns into the net. The second game showed mighty poor tennis, both men returning into the net and out of court, and Hovey finally taking the game by good work for the last point. Hovey kept on returning into the net in the third game, until Hobart had him 40–0, when Hobart took a turn at knocking into the net, and Hovey crept up to 30, but lost the final point to Hobart on a return out of court. The fourth game was the first to show good tennis, both men doing hard work, but spoiling it somewhat by continued knocking out of court. Hobart showed to the best advantage of the set, and his cross-court drives and returns were fine. Hovey had vantage once, only to lose it on Hobart's beautiful return, but stuck to his pace, and by pretty work won the game. The men seemed well warmed up in the fifth game, and long rallies showed Hovey to the best advantage, which he lost on placing an easy one for



ALL-COMERS' CUP OF '93.

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT, AUGUST 22D TO 30TH, 1893—SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP.

Preliminary Round.	First Round.	Second Round.	Third Round.	Fourth Round.	Fifth Round.	Final.	Winner of All Comers.
	S. R. McCormick, Gordon L. Willis.	Willis, by default.	Wright, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-1.	Wrenn, 6-2, 11-9, 4-6, 3-6, 6-4.	Wrenn, 6-1, 6-2, 2-6, 6-2.	Wrenn, 8-6, 6-1, 6-2.	Wrenn, 4-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4
	F. M. Pile, M. R. Wright.	Wright, 6-0, 6-0, 6-0.					
	R. D. Wrenn, H. H. Dickey.	Wrenn, 6-1, 6-0, 6-0.	Wrenn, 6-1, 6-0, 6-4.				
	G. T. Warren, S. D. Reed.	S. D. Reed, by default.					
	S. V. R. Thayer, R. C. Thomas.	Thomas, 6-2, 6-3. 6-4.	Tete, Jun., 0-6, 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.	Stevens, 6-2, 6-0, 6-1.			
	Charles Tete, Jun., H. Clews, Jun.	Tete, Jun., 6-3, 6-4, 6-2.					
	Richard Stevens, H. F. McCormick.	Stevens, 6-4, 3-6, 6-4, 7-5.	Stevens, 6-1, 6-3, 6-0.				
	H. M. Billings, J. S. Morris.	Morris, by default.					
	S. T. Chase, George C. Hinckley.	S. T. Chase, by default.	S. T. Chase, 6-0, 6-2, 6-2.	S. T. Chase, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3.	Chase, 6-2, 6-3, 6-4.		
	M. A. Agelasto, H. D. Cleveland.	Cleveland, by default.					
	Deane Miller, S. G. Thompson.	Miller, 6-0, 6-4, 6-2.	Miller, 6-1, 6-2, 7-5.				
	J. Bertram, H. H. Pigott.	Pigott, by default.					
W. H. A. Willing, Robertson Honey. A. W. Cobb, E. Colby.	Willing, by default. E. Colby, 6-1, 6-4, 6-1.	E. Colby, 6-2, 6-2, 7-5.	E. Colby, 12-10, 6-2, 4-6, 7-5.	Candler, 6-1, 6-4, 6-4.			
O. M. Bostwick, F. A. Wilkie. J. B. Read, P. Frazer, Jun.	Bostwick, 6-1, 6-0, 6-0. J. B. Read, 6-1, 6-4, 6-3.	J. B. Read, 7-5, 6-1, 6-2.					
C. H. Farnam, Jun., H. A. Colby. A. W. Post, P. T. Wright.	H. A. Colby, by default. Post, 6-3, 6-3, 12-10.	H. A. Colby, 6-4, 6-8, 8-6 (d).	Candler, 4-6, 6-4, 6-2, 2-6, 6-4.				
H. Bruen, J. F. Talmage, Jun. E. C. Rushmore, Duncan W. Candler.	Talmage, 6-2, 6-1, 6-0. Candler, 6-3, 3-6, 6-2, 6-1.	Candler, 4-6, 6-4, 6-0, 6-3.					
F. K. Ward, Alfred Codman. G. P. Herrick, A. B. Emmons, 2d.	Ward, 6-0, 6-1, 6-0. Herrick, 6-2, 4-6, 7-5, 6-4.	Ward, 2-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-3.	Ward, 6-0, 6-4, 7-5.	Larned, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.	Hobart, 6-3, 6-4, 3-6, 5-7, 6-2.	Hovey, 7-5, 6-0, 6-3.	
G. C. Hetzel, M. Bruce. E. A. Thompson, F. L. Donohue.	Bruce, 1-6, 4-6, 6-3, 6-4, 6-3. Donohue, by default.	Bruce, by default.					
G. P. Dodge, Wm. Ames, Jun. K. S. Greene, C. M. Bunting.	Ames, Jun., by default. Bunting, 4-6, 5-7, 6-1, 6-1, 6-3.	Ames, Jun., 6-3, 6-4, 6-1.	Larned, 12-10, 6-1, 6-1.				
W. A. Larned, J. C. Davidson.	Larned, 6-3, 6-4, 6-4. Malcolm G. Chace.	Larned, 2-6, 6-2, 6-3, 6-4.					
	N. H. Lord, Clarence Hobart.	Hobart, 6-0, 6-0, 6-2.	Hobart, 6-4, 8-6, 6-1.	Hobart, 6-3, 6-1, 6-2.			
	W. G. Parker, J. A. Fowler.	Parker, 6-1, 6-2, 6-4.					
	G. S. Bryan, C. R. Budlong.	Budlong, 7-5, 6-2, 6-0.	Budlong, 6-2, 6-0, 6-2.				
	A. P. Simmonds, S. L. Smith.	Simmonds, 11-9, 7-5, 6-4.					
	Q. A. Shaw, Jun., F. H. Hovey.	Hovey, 6-0, 7-5, 7-5.	Hovey, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, 6-2.	Hovey, 6-3, 6-2, 6-1.	Hovey, 6-2, 5-7, 8-6, 6-2.		
	A. E. Foote, H. S. Russell.	Foote, 6-0, 6-1, 6-1.					
	C. E. Sands, J. S. Clark.	Sands, 6-4, 6-2, 4-6, 6-3.	E.L.Hall, 10-8, 3-6, 6-0, 4-6, 6-3.				
	John Howland, E. L. Hall.	E. L. Hall, 6-4, 6-1, 6-4.					
	V. G. Hall, H. B. Bartow.	V. G. Hall, 6-0, 6-2, 6-2.	V. G. Hall, 6-2, 7-5, 6-2.	V. G. Hall, 6-2, 6-3, 6-2.			
	W. P. Knapp, E. Hewitt.	Hewitt, by default.					
	F. Whitall, G. T. Rice.	Whitall, 6-4, 7-5, 6-2.	Whitall, 5-7, 5-7, 6-4, 6-0, 6-4.				
	E. D. Hewins, W. W. Reese.	Reese, 6-3, 6-2, 6-1.					

Championship Round. . . { O. S. Campbell, present champion, / R. D. Wrenn, winner of All Comers. } Wrenn, by default.

Hobart to kill. Deuce and vantage were called several times, with Hobart finally getting the game. Hovey began the sixth game returning out of court until Hobart had him 40-0, when he pulled up to deuce and won on Hobart's driving into the net and his own well-placed lob. The seventh game went to Hobart on Hovey's poor work. Hovey redeemed himself in the eighth game by pretty work at the net, but although Hobart could not pass him, he made some astonishing returns, and brought the game to deuce, only to lose the game by Hovey's strong work.

WITH THE SCORE FOUR GAMES ALL, Hovey put on a great spurt in the ninth game, and won without Hobart's having scored a point, but the latter awakened in the next game, and the several rallies showed the best tennis of the set, Hobart finally winning on Hovey's lob out of court. It was the New-Yorker's last, however, for Hovey took the remaining games and set on Hobart's very indifferent work, returning out of court and into the net in a manner hardly excusable in a second-rater. The astonishment at Hobart's poor work in the first set was mild in comparison with that which enveloped the spectators when the second set had been won and Hobart had not a single game to his credit. While Hobart seemed to grow more uncertain, Hovey became more

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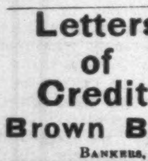
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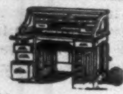
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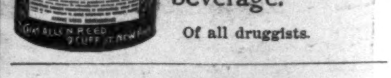
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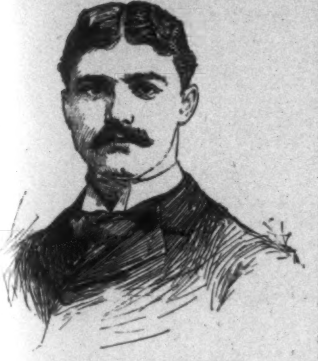

GEORGE F. WITHERBEE,
The Cornell athlete who gave up his own life, which he could have saved, to save a young lad who was his companion in a sail-boat capsize.

aggressive, and although he knocked enough balls out of court and into the net to change the complexion of the set, his play was brilliant and strong, especially at the net.

It was Hobart's service with the opening game of the second set, but he was unable to gain a point until he was love–40, and Hovey returned into the net, making score 15–40; a return out of court by his opponent gave Hobart another 15, but Hovey took the last point and game by a prettily placed ball. The next game was a duplication of the first so far as concerned Hobart's returning into the net and out of court, and he could get but 15, while Hovey ran the game out. Hobart did better in the next two games, though his erratic playing continued to show how far he was from his best form. On his service in the third he ran up to 40–15 on his beautiful returns, but Hovey pulled up to deuce on a fine lob and terrific smash, finally winning on Hobart's into net. The fourth game went the same way, and the fifth and sixth also, Hovey's fine placing down the lines and invincible form at the net completely disconcerting Hobart's usually strong drives.

When Hovey won the first two games of the third set, the first by Hobart's returning into net and out of court at decisive moments, and the second a love game for the same reasons, it looked again like a love set. But on the third game Hobart picked up, and, seeming to realize how far from creditable had been his showing, played stronger than at any time during the match, making score 3–2 in his favor; he won three straight games, in every one of which the play of both men was better than in any previous game, and the points were earned, there being only one or two made on faults. With the beginning of the sixth game Hobart's spurt, however, fell off, clearly showing his lack of condition, and Hovey's play grew bolder with the dash born of increased confidence. He began to feel that he at last was about to play the rôle of conqueror, and that, too, over his erstwhile victor. He went to the net for three games and staid there, playing brilliantly. His work at the net in the second game of the three has never been equalled by even Campbell himself. Hobart with the ephemeral energy of desperation drove the balls at Hovey with all the power at his command, trying in vain to pass him; but Hovey stood there taking them with wonderful accuracy, placing them with exceptional precision, only to have them returned to him again by Hobart's brilliant "getting." Hobart's fire lasted hardly so long as the applause of the spectators, and then he died away, and Hovey played all around him, winning the game, set, and match in straight sets, 7–5, 6–0, 6–3, a result that no one thought possible, and which *would* indeed be impossible with Hobart in his best form.

There are always plenty of excuses to be found after the downfall of a favorite, but the clearest reason of Hobart's poor showing seemed to be lack of condition. He went stale several weeks ago, and he had not regained his form. This is by no means intended to detract from Hovey's glory. He earned his victory and played a better game than Hobart, though not a good enough game to have won from Larned the day he played Hobart, nor good enough to win from Hobart as he has played this season. The match was disappointing, for neither, with occasional exceptions, played championship tennis.

The best match of the tournament, by long odds, was that between Hobart and Larned, Saturday, both of them playing a stronger game than that shown by any other contestant on the courts during the week. It would, indeed, have been a royal struggle had Wrenn and Larned come together, they being probably much more evenly matched than any other two.

The story of the Wrenn-Hovey match is told in very few words. Hovey, in common with every one else, had, likely enough, little doubt as to the outcome. It is a question if a single man seriously thought Wrenn would win, and to believe to the contrary would have been simply one of those long-shot hopes that accident or one thing or another sometimes brings off successfully. Wrenn had never beaten Hovey; had never shown form other than that he was a good improving player, in a class a bit removed from Campbell, Hobart, and Hovey; he had always been defeated in straight sets when he met Hovey; his form this year, up to the last few days at Newport, had not been equal to that of last year; he and Chace had been about evenly matched, with the odds in his favor; Chace had beaten him several times previous to the national tournament, and Chace at Newport fell a victim to the steady, heady play of John Howland, 6–4, 6–1. To have declared, therefore, that Wrenn would be the next champion was tantamount to saying the past went for naught.

Wrenn defeated Hovey by generalship; he played to Hovey's weakest point constantly from the first to the last set, gaining confidence and aggression with every game. He brought Hovey to the net and then drove him back again by clever lobbing. When he had driven him back Wrenn took his place at the net and smashed, as well as did his opponent, and when Hovey smashed, Wrenn rarely failed to find the ball and return it over his head. Wrenn out-Hoveyed Hovey, and in doing so stamped himself as a player of excellent judgment and coolness.

The first set of the match opened and closed with no play out of the ordinary. As a matter of fact, there was little brilliant play throughout the match, always excepting Wrenn's wonderful "getting." Wrenn's work in this set, which he won, was about the same as throughout—steady consistent tennis, made formidable by using his head as well as his legs and arms. He gave indication early in the set of the kind of game he would play against his opponent. When Hovey had smashed the ball, and Wrenn, by marvellous activity, had got his racket under it, Hovey remained at the net, expecting it would be driven at him as Hobart and all the others had done, save V. G. Hall; but Wrenn instead lobbed high over him, and Hovey in smashing, later in the game when he had become exasperated by Wrenn's persistency, usually put the ball into the net. When V. G. Hall played Hovey he pursued similar tactics, and had he been in a little better condition would have made five sets necessary instead of four to decide the match.

If Hovey had pursued the same tactics throughout the match as he did in the second set he probably would have been the American champion to-day. In this set he used his head and put up the same game as his opponent, and stopped playing into his hand. Instead of running to the net and smashing the balls for Wrenn to place, he played from the back of the court until a poor lob from Wrenn gave him the desired opportunity of killing it. He allowed Wrenn only three games in the second set, and after his heady-work his play of the next two sets was unaccountable. He kept up the gait well at the beginning of the next set, or until the score stood 4 to 2 in his favor, but then Wrenn got to work and took four straight games and the set.

In the last and deciding set Wrenn sprinted up the score until it stood 5–3 in his favor, Hovey seeming hardly to realize that the last chance of winning the American championship was at hand until this critical point had been reached. Here he made a desperate rally, doing some of the cleverest driving of the day. He managed to take the following game, and had the tying one in hand with a score of 40–15 in his favor, when double faults gave Wrenn the point. The latter took it to deuce quickly and captured the next two points with equal despatch, winning game, set, and match.

It would be unfair to Wrenn not to say that his game was a grand one, notwithstanding he has never heretofore shown form that would warrant putting him in the same class with Hovey. It is even doubtful now if he could repeat the performance, though Hovey is a hard man to count on. Probably he will not now consider the statement in this department of his being erratic as so much of an injustice as he did before his match with Wrenn. There was no reason for a player with Hovey's skill being beaten by Wrenn's game, and that Hovey grasped the situation was evidenced in the second set, which he won by using the tactics best suited to combat the style of game he was meeting. Why he did not continue in the remaining sets of the match is one of the causes that go to make him an erratic player. Instead of profiting by the lesson of the first set, he fell into the trap as readily as the veriest innocent, and the longer the play continued the more uncertain his smash became, until it almost invariably found a resting-place in the meshes of the net.

Mr. Wrenn deserved his victory. No man ever played on the Newport courts who deserved it more, and this department joins in the general congratulations.

Outside of the one or two matches that have been made the exception here, really the most interesting feature of the Newport tournament was the Consolations, which always make a side tournament of no mean proportions. This year the entries were upwards of thirty-six. It is here and in the preliminary rounds that we may look for the improvement that means so much to the future game, and this year we have not had to look in vain. There has been no startling development, to be sure, but to one who has followed these annual lawn-tennis meetings the increased form is apparent. Malcolm Chace was a contestant in the Consolations (entries are open only to those who are defeated in their first match in the National tournament), having been beaten by Larned, and the general surprise was great at his falling a victim to John Howland. This is one of the Southampton brothers (sons of Judge Howland) spoken of here a few weeks ago as playing remarkably good tennis for men so seldom seen in public. This is also the Howland who was substitute on Yale's winning crew last June. His game cannot be called a brilliant one, nor is he wedded to any especial style of play closely enough to be identified with it. He plays a consistent game, and his strokes are good tennis. He is steady, and uses his head, all of which qualities enabled him to defeat Chace easily, 6–4, 6–1, the latter being an unsteady player, and one who is likely to be very brilliant or the reverse. He was certainly not at his best when Howland defeated him, but that does not detract from the steady game the Yale man plays. Howland should not have had to play three sets to beat Reed, of Amherst, for the latter is not nearly so strong a player as is his conqueror. In the finals Bryan was no match for Howland, who won from him in straight sets 6–1, 6–1. In Howland we find another argument for the player who keeps in practice on his own court, and putting himself into condition in the last weeks of the season, plays his best game of the year at Newport rather than his worst.

The lawn-tennis challenge cup illustrated this week is the new trophy given to replace the one which became the property of O. S. Campbell last year on his having won it for the third time. The one this year is offered under the same conditions—*i.e.*, it becomes the property of the player winning it three years, not necessarily in succession.

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